Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1873. NUMBER 23.

MOWING AND REAPING Machines.

takes pleasure in informing the citizens of Cambria county that he has on hand and for sale at his shop in Ebensburg, the MOST POPULAR AND RELIABLE MOWERS & REAPERS now in use in the United States, viz:

THE CELEBRATED AND UNSURPASSABLE "CHAMPION."

which for universal satisfaction to the purchaser is unsurpassed. Also, the Improved "BUCKEYE," a light-draught and light-running machine, and one of the best cutters now in use, with a capacity of cutting from 10 to 12 acres per day. Also, the NEW-POWER MACHINE, the lightest and lightest draught machine in use. Has no dog wheels, universal joints, or bolts or pieces.

THE SUPERIOR!

which received the highest premium at the Johnstown Exposition last fall, and was admired by all good judges. Those wishing to purchase the best machine in the market are invited to call and leave their orders before buying elsewhere.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Pa., 1873-tf.

SUSQUEHANNA SCHOOL DISTRICT.

The account with the Collector and Treasurer for the year 1872:

Cr.

By orders paid—		
Collector	$ 995 01	
Com'rs.	90 20	
"	27 50	
" for collecting	92 48	$1,185 38
		$ 806 51

Dr.

To Treasurer,		
" S. J. Luther	$ 975 00	
" Collection	140 12	
"	67 76	
		$1,182 92

Cr.

		$1,185 92
By Treasurer's		
" Collector's	54 15	
"	3 54	
"	23 71	1,267 32
To order from District		$ 81 40

We, Auditors of Susquehanna Township, do certify that we have carefully examined the accounts and find them as above stated.

JOHN SOMMERVILLE, PETER HELFRICK, HENRY W. MYERS, } Auditors.

Attest: JOHN BEARER, Twp. Clerk. [6-13]

THE AWFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Wm. Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

The undersigned has refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is prepared to accommodate the public in the best manner. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords and attentive waiters will be employed. The bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the stabling will be under the care of careful hostlers. No pains will be spared to render guests comfortable in every particular, and the undersigned hopes by strict attention to business and a moderate charge for entertainment to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

[May 2, 1873.-tf.]

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Otho Sevner, dec'd, late of Washington township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority; notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that they make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

M. GEORGE, } Executors.
PHILIP CHRISTE, }

Ebensburg, Pa., June 6, 1873.-6t.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—The undersigned, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county an Auditor to distribute the assets in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the real estate of Jacob Craver, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, the 1st DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1873, when and where all persons interested, if they think proper, may attend.

PHILIP McDONALD, Auditor.

Ebensburg, May 16, 1873-3t.

Estate Notice.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on the Estate of JOHN McCARTY, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment of their respective indebtedness must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES H. DOUGLASS, Adm'r.

May 16, 1873.-6t.* Adm'r.

STRAY HORSE.—Came to the enclosure of the subscriber, in Chest township, Cambria county, on the 23d day of May, a BAY HORSE, about 7 years old, 15 hands high, with a white spot in his forehead. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away; otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

ADAM LEIDEN.

Chest Twp., June 6, 1873.-3t.

ESTATE OF FRANCIS DRASS, DEC'D.

Letters Testamentary to the Estate of Francis Drass, late of Chest township, Cambria county, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ANNA DRASS,
Executrix.

Chest Twp., May 30, 1873.-6t.*

HEMLOCK BARK WANTED.—FOUR THOUSAND CORDS HEMLOCK BARK will be received at the new Tannery, Woodvale, Johnstown, Pa., for delivery. Apply to or address W. H. ROSENSTEEL & SON, Johnstown P. O.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

You think it is easy your steps to retrace,
Before the last pitfall is gained,
That a man can stop short of a crushing disgrace,
And still find his honor unstained.
But sin is so mighty, and conscience so weak,
And under so tempting a spell,
That though you may long other pleasures to seek
Your weakness you never can tell.

The ocean of evil you never can sound,
Its depth you can never discern,
But under your feet is the treacherous ground
If away from the good land you turn.
You see not the danger, you fear not the foe,
You whisper the soul, "It is well!"
And think that you know just how far you may go,
But you never, no, never can tell?

You never can tell at what moment you'll slip
Into snares that are cruelly laid
By those who are willing another should trip
Where they were so foully betrayed.
A moment's indulgence may lead you to crimes
That merit a prisoner's cell;
Then quench the hot fever of passion betimes,
For its power you never can tell?

You never can tell at what moment you'll hear
The signal of Death at your gate,
Whose touch will arrest your wild, thoughtless career,
And bring your repentance too late.
Stand firm then to-day, the allurements of sin
With pride and persistence repel,
And strive for a prize that is worthy to win
And whose glory no mortal can tell!

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

STORY OF THE WANDERING JEW.

With the outlines of the story of the Wandering Jew all intelligent readers are familiar. It tells of a human being existing in an undying condition and traveling ceaselessly over the face of the earth, seeking rest and finding none. The suggestion upon which the legend is based may probably be found in the words spoken by Christ: "Verily I say unto you. There be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom." It will be remembered also that Christ said to Peter, speaking of John: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" These and one or two other similar sentences from the lips of our Saviour have very naturally created an impression that certain persons who were living at the time of His appearance upon earth would remain alive until His second coming upon the judgment day. Precisely how and when this opinion crystalized into the shape which we are considering cannot be determined with exactness, but the fact is hardly doubted that the gospel utterances just quoted really supplied the germ which, in some active fancy, perhaps that of a monk of the Middle Ages, fructified into this wonderfully poetic and dramatic story.

The first appearance of the Wandering Jew in literature is in a book of the Chronicles of the Monastery of St. Albans, England, which was copied and continued by the famous Matthew Paris, who, in the early part of the thirteenth century, was an inmate and scribe of the abbey.

Paris asserts that the Wandering Jew visited England, in the person of the Archbishop of Armenia, in 1228. The story told of the Archbishop by one of his servants was that the Archbishop at the time of Christ was a porter in the palace of Pontius Pilate, and his name was Cartophilus. When Pilate released Jesus to the Jews, the latter dragged him forth, and as they reached the door the porter hapiously struck him on the back with his hand, and said, in a jeering tone, "Go quicker, Jesus, go quicker! Why do you loiter?" And Christ, looking back upon him with a severe countenance, said to him, "I am going, and you will wait till I return." And accordingly, as Christ said, Cartophilus is still awaiting His return.

At the time of this occurrence he was 30 years old; and when he attains the age of 100 years he returns to the same age he was when the Lord suffered. After Christ's death, when the Christian faith gained ground Cartophilus was baptized by Ananias (who also baptized the Apostle Paul,) and was called Joseph. He became a man of holy conversation and of devout life.

This is one version of the legend. The other and more popular one is that a Jew named Ahasuerus, by trade a shoemaker, was standing in the door of his shop in Jerusalem when Christ was passing on his way to Calvary. Ahasuerus had a little child upon his arm, and, as the Lord approached the house, bowed under the heavy weight of the cross, He tried to rest a little, and stood still for a moment. But the shoemaker, in zeal and rage, and for the purpose of obtaining credit from the Jews, drove the Saviour forward, and told Him to hasten on His way. Jesus obeyed, but turned and looked at his assailant, and said, "I shall stand and rest, but thou shalt go on until the last day."

At these words Ahasuerus set down the child; and, unable to remain where he was, he followed Christ, and saw how cruelly He was crucified, how He suffered, and how He died. As soon as the crucifixion was ended, it seemed as if he could not return to Jerusalem nor see again his wife and child, but he felt that he must go forth into foreign lands, one after another like a mournful pilgrim. He wandered to and fro over the earth for many years, and then returned to his ancient home, only to find the holy city ruined and utterly razed, so that not one stone was left standing upon another, and so that he could not recognize former localities. So forth he started upon his journey again, and began anew the wanderings which shall not cease until all thing shall come to an end.

The old chronicles which contain this touching and wonderful story also tell something of the manner and peculiarities of the Jew. He is said to be a man of few words and of circumspect behavior. He does not speak at all, unless when questioned by devout men, and then he tells of the events of old times, of the incidents which occurred at the suffering and resurrection of the Lord, and of the witnesses of the resurrection—namely, those who rose with Christ and went into Jerusalem and appeared unto men. He also tells of the apostles, of their separation and preaching. All this he relates without smiling, or levity of conversation, as one who is full of sorrow and remorse, always looking forward to the judgment, lest he should find him in anger, who, when on His way to death, he had provoked to just vengeance. When invited to become a guest of any one, the story is that Ahasuerus eats little, drinks in great moderation, and then hurries on, never remaining long in one place. It was also said that wherever he tarried for a time he made a habit of attending places of worship, and of listening reverently to the religious exercises, always reverencing with signs the name of the Deity or of the Saviour. He has been known to rebuke profanity with indignation, and whenever he heard any one use the name of the Creator flippantly to say, "Wretched man, thus to misuse the name of thy Lord! Hadst thou seen, as I have, how heavy and bitter were the pangs and wounds of the Saviour, endured for thee and me, thou wouldst rather undergo great pain thyself than to thus take His sacred name in vain."

Some of these descriptions of the Wandering Jew purport to have been written by persons who have seen and talked with him. There are many accounts of his appearances at various times in different parts of Europe, and it seems almost impossible to doubt the sincerity of those who have chronicled these visitations, even if we admit, as we must, that the writers were deceived in some manner of which we know nothing.

After his visit to England, just alluded to, he is not heard of until 1505, when he was reported to have appeared in Bohemia, where he assisted a certain weaver named Kohot to find a treasure which had been secreted in the royal palace of Kohot's father, sixty years before, at which time the Jew was present. He then had the appearance of being about 70 years of age. In 1547 he was seen in Hamburg, if we are to believe Dr. Von Eitzen, of Schleswig, who declared that when he was a youth in Hamburg, he, on a certain Sunday in Church, saw a tall man with his hair hanging over his shoulders, standing barefooted during the sermon. The visitor listened with the deepest attention, and whenever the name of Jesus was mentioned he bowed humbly and profoundly with signs and beating of the breast. After the sermon he was interrogated, and declared himself to be Ahasuerus, the Jew. He had no other clothing in the bitter cold of winter than a pair of hose which were in tatters about his feet, and a coat with a girdle which reached nearly to the ground. His general appearance was that of a man about fifty years.

Von Eitzen says that he, with the rector of the Hamburg school, who was a traveller and well read in history, questioned the Jew about events which had taken place in the east since the death of Christ, and he gave them much correct information on many ancient matters, so that it was impossible not to be convinced of the truth of his story.

It is affirmed that the Jew was seen in Madrid, Spain, in 1575, in just such a dress as he had worn in Hamburg. In 1599 he appeared in Vienna, if report is to be believed, and immediately afterward in various portions of Poland. He was said to be upon his way to Moscow, where he was seen and spoken to by many persons. In the year 1604 he is reported to have visited Paris; and a writer of that period declares that the common people saw the wanderer and conversed with him. Subsequently he went to Hamburg again, and to Naumburg, where he was seen in church, and where he received presents of food and clothing from the burghers. In 1633 two citizens of Brussels declared that while walking in the forest near the city they met an aged man in tattered garments, whom they invited to an inn. He refused to sit while he eat, but standing he told his entertainers stories of events which happened many hundred years before, and intimated that he was the very cobbler who refused to permit Christ to rest on his door-step. A history of the town of Stomford, England, tells how, in 1658, upon the evening of Whitsunday, a certain citizen heard a knock at his door, and upon opening it, he saw a grave old man, who asked for refreshment. This was given him, whereupon he imparted to his host the knowledge how to cure a disease from which the latter was suffering. The remedy was tried and was successful. The appearance and conduct of the visitor were more than natural, and it was believed then by many at the time that he was the Wandering Jew.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, a man professing to be a Jew appeared in England, and attracted much attention, particularly from the ignorant. He thrust himself into the notice of the nobility, who, half in jest, half in curiosity, paid him and questioned him. He declared that he had been an officer of the Jewish Sanhedrim-hall of Pilate. He asserted that he remembered the Apostles and described their clothing, their appearance and their peculiarities. He spoke many languages, claimed to possess the power to cure diseases, and said he had traveled over the entire world. Educated men who heard him were much perplexed by his acquaintance with foreign places and tongues. Certain professors from Cambridge and Oxford Universities questioned him, to discover the imposition, if any existed, and an English scholar conversed with him in Arabic. The man told the questioner in that language that historical works were not to be relied upon. And when he was asked his opinion of Mohammed, he replied that he had been well acquainted with the father of the prophet, and told where he lived. He said Mohammed was a man of great intellectual ability. Once, when he, the pretended Jew, heard Mohammed deny that Christ was crucified, he silenced him by telling him that he, the Jew, was a witness of the event. He related also that he was at Rome when Nero burned the city. He had known Saladin, Tamerlane and other Eastern Princes, and could give minute details of the history of the crusades. If this man was an impostor, he was at least too cunning and too intelligent for those who strove to detect the fraud. Shortly afterward he disappeared from England, and was seen in Denmark and then in Sweden, after which he vanished.

Coming down to later times, men claiming to be the Wandering Jew have appeared at various seasons during the present century, but these have all proved themselves in the plainest manner to be either lunatics or humbugs. The last notice that we have seen of such an appearance was in 1770, when many of the newspapers contained a floating item to the effect that the Jew had been seen at Antwerp, Belgium. It was a pity he was not seized and dragged before some intelligent and responsible person, so that he could have been investigated.

It may be interesting, before we dismiss the subject of the movements of the Jew, to mention that superstitious fancy has connected him with that terrible plague, the cholera. The theory has been advanced that the disease follows close upon the track made by the wanderer in his pilgrimage over the world, and that a visitation from him is a certain indication of the coming plague. Eugene Sue has made use of this superstition in her novel founded upon the legend of the Jew—a work, by the way, which is far beneath the simple story of the Middle Ages in dignity, beauty and mysterious incident.

In some accounts of the sufferings of the aged pilgrim it is said that he has, during his long and dreadful existence, striven many times to end his life so miraculously extended. He has gone into the thickest of the battle and thrown himself upon the spears of the enemy, or in later times has stood at the cannon's mouth, but he has always remained unhurt. He has been shipwrecked, but he alone of all his companions has been tossed ashore by the roaring waves. He has leaped into burning volcanoes, only to be belched forth unscathed; he has plunged into the fire without suffering from its fiery tongues; he has sought the lair of wild beasts to find the hyena and tiger docile to his touch and careless of provocation. Death has been courted by him in every conceivable form, but always it has eluded him, and a terrible destiny has thrust him back into that life which has at last grown to be a curse. The story, it will seem, does not agree with those which describe him as an humble and patient Christian, but it is striking and remarkable as embodying an illustration of what the life to which men cling so desperately might become prolonged for centuries.

There has been a great deal of conjecture as to the process by which the story of the Wandering Jew was formed. The scriptural texts given at the beginning of this article supply sufficient reason for that part of it which refers to the mere prolongation of a human life, but they give no hint or suggestion of the material of which the rest of the legend is composed. Some persons have supposed that the Jew was the emblem of the gipsy race, which at one time was thought to be of Egyptian origin, and which is nomadic. The theory was that the original gypsies were cursed because they refused to shelter the Virgin and Child in their flight into Egypt. This, however, is not either consistent or satisfactory. The most plausible explanation is that the Wandering Jew is really the type of the Hebrew race. The Jews did offend Jesus, as Ahasuerus is said to have done. They have been driven from their homes, as he was; they have wandered over the whole earth, as is alleged of him; and they have lived apart, distinct and peculiar from other men, as he is said to do. The difference between the type and the reality is that Ahasuerus became a Christian, while the Jews cling to their old faith. But the resemblance is so great that we think we are warranted in asserting that the origin of the magnificent fable may be traced to the historic race.—*To-Day.*

Going to See an Iron Fence.

A Danbury man started for Greenwich, Friday, to see an iron fence. What he wanted to see an iron fence for we don't know, and it really makes no difference. He went. He wanted to go off on the 9:50 train, so he hurried home to get ready. His wife and a vicious outside woman were cleaning house, and it was some little time before he could get his society suit ready. In the meantime he opened fire on the largest half of a custard pie, holding it in his hand, and dancing around and yelling for his things. When she brought his overcoat, he set the pie in a chair to put on the coat, but in his nervousness stepped on the end of a long-handled whitewash brush which was laid across a pail, and the other end flew up and discharged about a pint of the awful mixture over the sofa, wall paper, and his panting and indignant wife. She made a remark and he contradicted it. Then he sat down in the chair where the pie was, and got up again with a howl that would have melted the stoutest heart. She wanted him to wait while she scraped off the surplus, but he was too mad to converse in words of more than one syllable, and started for the depot, and board the train, and in the seclusion of the baggage car removed the offensive lunch. He got to Greenwich all right, and looked at the fence. We hope he admired it. Then he started for home, but missed the train, and as the next train was an express and didn't stop at Greenwich, he was obliged to walk to the draw-bridge at Cos Cob or stay at Greenwich all night. So he walked up there in the rain, but didn't mind it much, as he had an umbrella, and the pike was pretty well oiled in. When he got to Cos Cob, he stood up on a fence to look at the scenery, and swear, when a sharp gust of wind took off his hat and took it across a bog lot. Then he stepped down on the other side too amazed to express himself, and another gust of wind came along and turned the umbrella inside out. A brief conversation here ensued between himself and the umbrella, and he again started for the hat. When he got up to it he kicked it around several times, and then jammed it down on his head, and started once more through the logs as the train drew up to the bridge. It was a terrible struggle, as the logs were uncertain, and he strained and coughed, and spit, and howled, and swore, and it did seem as if he would catch it after all. What he thought as he stood on that fence and watched that train sail across the bridge, no human being can tell. An hour later he appeared in Stamford, wet through to the skin, splashed with mud, and with an expression on his face that would have scared a hydrant. Backing himself against the depot he stood there until near midnight, and then went up on the owl train to Norwalk, falling asleep in the meantime, and narrowly escaping being carried by the depot. Here he took the freight for Danbury, arriving at home just before daylight. His wife was abed but not sleeping. She lay there torn by forebodings, and harrassed by suspense. Perhaps he was dead and lying on the cold ground, in the rain. Then she thought of his lifeless body, and groaned; and thought of the pie and groaned again. She knew his knock the moment it sounded, and rushing down stairs in the costume appropriate to that hour, she threw herself into his hair, and hysterically shouted, "O, you old rascal, come in here."—*Danbury News.*

BIRD LANGUAGE.

BY MRS. E. SHERMAN SMITH.

What do the wrens and the robins say,
Talking so tunefully all the long day?
Now on the cedar bush, now on the ground,
Chirping their thoughts to the blossoms around;
Now on the willow-tree waving so high,
Warbling their canticles close to the sky.

What do the wrens and the robins say?
Do they feel the charms of this beautiful day?
Does the wine of happiness warm their veins?
And give the key-note to those wonderful strains?
Are they mad with love or drunk with delight?
That they revel so wildly from morn to night?

What do the wrens and the robins say?
Let each one answer as best he may,
For every listener holdeth a key
To unlock the musical mystery;
And differently all translate the words
Of that varying language breathed by the birds.

The little child hears in the gladsome strain
A call to the fields and their emerald plains;
The sick and the weary, by pain oppressed,
It clasps with a promise of infinite rest;
And the lover finds still in each carol a place,
For he hears in them ever his sweetheart's voice.

But most do the wrens and the robins repeat
To the listening poet a language sweet:
To his flower and bird he hearkens as he
They speak with a childlike eloquence,
And with happy tears in his eyes grandma,
As he flies to the oft-repeated hymn.

The goodness of God, and the glory of earth,
Are thoughts which ceaselessly spring to birth,
For the splendor of stars, and flowers, and streams,
Glides with that melody into his dreams;
And the heartfelt lore he learns from the wren
He gives to the listening world again.

As he ever owes into many a tuneful lay
What he hears the wrens and the robins say.

DILLINGS ON THE "LAM."

The lam iz a juvenile sheep.

They are born about the fust ov March, and mainy ov them die just az soon az green peas cum.

Lam and green peas are good, but not good for the lam.

Lams are az innocent az shrimps, they won't fight, nor scratch, nor talk sassy.

They don't know much, only to skip, turn summersets on the grass, kik up their heels, play tag, plague their mothers, and have plum generally.

I luv the lam, i even luv them after they become mutton, i luv lams ov all kinds, i had rather hav one lam than 4 wolfs. This may look like oddness in me, but it is my sentiment enyhow.

Mary had a little lam. I wish I had a little lam, and if I had a good deal ov lam it wouldent diskourage me.

Mary waz a good girl—an ornament to her sekt.

Mary's lam waz a good lam—an ornament to hiz or her sekt, i don't remember which.

It is pleasant to reflekt that these things are stubborn fakts.

When a lam gits thru being a lam, they immediately becum a sheep. This takes all the sentiment out ov them.

There aint much poetry in mutton. Sheep are mutton.

Mutton is sumtimes preshus.

Who a youth and innocense ov enny kind grows old, it looses most all ov its lameness.

This iz too well known to require an affidevit.

The lam iz an artikle of trade az well az diet, they are worth from 4 to 10 dollars, according tew the way things ran.

It iz strange that so much innosense az the lam iz possessed ov should be for sale.

It iz just so with most all the innosense and purity ov this world—it is too often brought to the shambles.

I suppose, if i could wax mi way, the lam would stop growing when he got to about 8 weeks old; but then, cain tew think ov it, this would make mutton awful skarse.

It would also make lams dredful plenty.

It would also increase wolf's mutch, for i hav always noticed since I begun bizness in this world that just in proporshun az lams got numerous, wolfs got numerous according.

The lam has a short tail. Their tails are not short bi natur, but short bi design.

During their early lambkinesh, in an unsuspekting moment, and quicker than lightning, their dorsal elongashun iz nipt in the bud.

Not to be mistaken in this matter, and tew place the responsibility just where it belongs, lams tails are kut oph bi man.

This iz a mean thing for man to do; but man is capable of doing dreadful mean things, bekause he iz a man.

Man aint satisfied tew leave enything in this world as he phinds it.

Lamsake ov the mail and femmle persuashun.

There are none ov the animals, that i kan remember ov now, that are ov the nuter jender except the mule.

I hav often seen men ov the nuter jender. If you don't believe this, come down where i liv and i will point them out to you.

The femail lam iz the dearest little package ov innocense and buty known to naturalists.

A femail lam iz mi pride and hope. I luv the whole, entire congregashun ov them.

The mail lam soon gets ruff. They hav horns which burst out ov their heds, and when they git advanced in the journey ov life, these horns are hard things tew kontradikt.

I have seen an aged mail lam knock a 2-hoss waggon into splinters with one blo ov their horns.

This is terrible if true.

This mail lam when he arrives at his majority iz called the ram.

The lam is kivered from childhood with a soft coating kalled wool, from which cloth is sed to be made, and also from which yarn is sed tew be spun.

There iz a grate deal ov yarn spun in this world that has no wool in it; theze yarns are called phibs.

Phibs are not considered fireshus.

A phib iz a lie painted in water kullers.

There haz been more phibs in market since the formashun of man than there haz been truth.

Phibs are often ingenious, sumtimes quite pretty, but are always dangerous.

Phibs are sumtimes a grate deal more plausible than truth.

Look out for them.

Phibbers hav been known tew be lam liars, just as hot lemonade drinkers, with a little port wine in it just for effekt, have been known tew be lam our most reliable whiskee drinkers.

SWINGING ON THE GATE.

ONE OF THE SWEET EXPERIENCES OF LIFE.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead," who never has swung on a gate with a pretty girl? If there is such an unfortunate, I pity him from the innermost recesses of my heart—I pity him as one who has missed a sensation, one of the best of our imperfect natures!

I have swung that way with a great many girls in my time. I am going to swing some more if I get the chance—for if I do not I shall mourn for a lost opportunity.

Coming home from church on a "moony" night, bathed in the mellow light, a little hand clinging confidingly to your manly arm, and a pretty face bewitchingly close to yours;—bright eyes looking unutterable sweetness at you; ripe-red lips moving to enchanting small talk—celestial music to a man in love—you reach that well-remembered gate. You open it for her to pass in, but before she does that, something unsaid must be remembered, and she stops to retail that petty gossip. You are hardly conscious of her words, but you are in that stage of the tender passion when her voice is the soul of music and all you want is to keep her talking as long as you can.

The lamps are out in the house in front; the "old folks have retired to rest," and you have the field all to yourself.

At last she pauses in after a certain concusive sound has taken place under her bonnet. You dream of your first stick of candy, of maple sugar, of Charlotte Russe, and all sorts of liquid and solid sweetness, and you think them stale, flat, and unprofitable, compared with that kiss!

Is she going to leave you, now that the gate is closed? Not if I know anything of female nature, and I have had something to say to countless females, of all classes, and they are all alike in this respect that they delight in the company of a passable young man by moonlight; and in that they show good taste. I have heard it said that there are females differently constituted, but I never met them, and am glad of it. I hope I never shall.

Something more to talk. She returns to the gate and leans upon it. Your lips are rather close to hers, and if you do not kiss her then, I have no respect for you, unworthy as you are of the name of man. You talk about the room, about Tom Fellows at sea, about the moon again, about the weather, about the sermon—not much—the moon again. Jenny Wade's bonnet, that horrible old maid, Miss Virginia Jones, and her slanders, the weather again, the dance of the Knights Templar, the moon once more, with a slight sprinkling of kissing thrown in by way of spice. Some ancient persons, of either sex, may say that this is all very silly. Bah! You have done the same in your time, if you ever amounted to anything.

But all things must have an end, and parting must come. The lips cling together in a long parting kiss, and you go home, through the mellow light, full of poetic thoughts, as happy as a young man ever is in this world of duns and debtors. Let's us have more of it—this swinging on the gate.

Mary had a little lamb,
With which she used to tussel;
She snatched the wool clean off its back
And stuffed it in her bustle.

And when it saw it had been fleeced,
It in a passion flew;
So Mary got upon her ear
And stuffed the lamb in too.

THE NUMBER OF DESERTERS FROM THE ARMY.—A railway edition.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

Friday, - - - - - June 27, 1873.

Democratic County Ticket.

ASSEMBLY:
HENRY SCANLAN, Carrolltown.

SHERIFF:
HERMAN BAUMER, Johnstown.

TREASURER:
A. D. CRISTF, Munster Township.

COMMISSIONER:
EDWARD GLASS, Ebensburg.

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
ANSELM WEAKLAND, Chest Twp.

CORONER:
R. H. SINGER, Johnstown.

AUDITOR:
H. B. FREIDHOFF, Conemaugh Borough.

JURY COMMISSIONER:
HENRY TOPPER, Adams Twp.

IT appears from the books of the Treasury Department, that forty-six members of Congress, including Senators, have refused to receive, or having received, have returned their respective portions of the extra pay swindle. Many of them have only repented at the eleventh hour and have been reluctantly compelled to adopt that course by the force of public opinion, which has given no uncertain sound.

THE proceedings of the Democratic County Convention will be found reported at length in the local department of our paper. It was a full convention, every election district in the county being represented. Its deliberations were entirely harmonious and without anything having occurred to interfere with the general good feeling that prevailed during its deliberations. Of course many of the aspirants for the various nominations were disappointed, the general feeling being that the thing had been "set up" on them. Disappointment has always given rise to more or less crimination of this kind, and will continue to do so as long as party conventions are held. Many are called but few are chosen. The ticket, which we place at the head of the *Freeman*, has been put in nomination by the regularly constituted party tribunal, and deserves, as we have no doubt it will receive, the active and energetic support of every true Democrat in the county. With union and harmony in our ranks, its triumphant success is a foregone conclusion.

WHEN we look at the character of the men, natives of Pennsylvania, who now occupy seats in the Senate of the United States, it is enough to cause every lover of his State to hang his head in shame and humiliation. First, we have Simon Cameron, who with only a tithe of the brains of Walpole, possesses in an eminent degree the well known political vices of that unscrupulous and corrupt statesman. Then there are Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, and John J. Patterson, of South Carolina, both of whom would be eminently calculated, by nature and training, to shine as leaders of the radical party in the Legislature of their native State. Alexander Caldwell, of Kansas, another recreant son of the old Keystone State, was borne into the Senate on the advancing tide of corruption, but soon handed in his resignation in order to escape the ignominy of expulsion. And now, from the dregs of the radical cauldron, John Hipple Mitchell floats to the surface as a full pledged and legally accredited Senator from Oregon. About a decade of years ago, he was known in Butler county in this State as John Mitchell Hipple, but having left that county under peculiar circumstances, he looms up in this year of grace as a Senator from the distant coast of the Pacific. What a precious and noble tableau they present, and with what maternal pride can Pennsylvania point to them and exultingly exclaim, *"these are my jewels!"*

THE irrepressible Susan B. Anthony has been laboring under the delusion that she has a legal right to vote in the State of New York, where she resides, and, if excluded by State law, that then she is entitled to the right of the elective franchise, in pursuance of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the constitution of the United States. Impressed with this singular belief, although she ought to have known better, Susan, together with several other strong-minded sisters, marched to the election house in Rochester last November and deposited her ballot. The result was that a prosecution was instituted against her for illegal voting, and also one against the election officers for receiving her vote. The case was tried last week before Judge Hunt, who seems to have disposed of Susan's offence in the most summary manner, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty in manner and form as she stood indicted. When called up for sentence she was asked by Judge Hunt if she had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced. This was a very stupid question to ask a woman of the mettle and cheek of Miss Anthony. Of course she had much to say, and proceeded to inform the court that on her trial every principle of justice had been violated, and announced her determination to persevere in the good work until her right to vote was secured. She said, morever, that she asked no elemency from the court and desired the full rigor of the law. The judge then sentenced her to pay a fine of $100 and the costs of prosecution, and Susan B. Anthony withdrew from the august presence of Judge Hunt, a sadder if not a wiser woman. That her experience in this instance will mollify her, or in the least curb her aspirations to become a voter, is not to be expected in view of all her *manly* antecedents.

ONE of the most objectionable features of Grant's administration has been the practice of his Cabinet officers relinquishing their duties at Washington during a Presidential election, or sometimes when only an exciting State campaign is progressing, and appearing before the people in the character of stump orators. If our memory serves us right, this custom, like many other peculiar innovations, dates no further back than the advent of Grantism, and it is to be hoped, when the present executive is relieved from the cares of State, that a new order of things in this regard will be introduced. A member of the cabinet is appointed to perform certain duties and a becoming sense of propriety ought to restrain him from deserting his post and traversing distant States in the capacity of a political preacher.

During a debate a few days ago in the Ohio Constitutional Convention, on a proposition to change the time of holding the State election from October to November, Judge West, in advocating the change, referred to the practice about which we have been speaking, in the following strong and emphatic language:

"I am a Republican of the strictest sect and, radical as I have been, I now declare that it was absolutely humiliating to men of dignified sensibilities to see Delano, Secretary of the Interior, Boutwell, and Cresswell, Posmaster-General, going down last fall, first to North Carolina, and, after having carried that State by detail, folding their tents like the Arabs and silently stealing away to the State of Maine and then flitting away to other States and working to carry elections for the Administration party. I hope to God the time will come when such a spectacle will no longer be witnessed on the American continent. (Loud applause.)

THE project recently started of calling a convention of Irishmen at Cleveland, to organize a political party and otherwise advance their interests, has not met with much encouragement. Nor should it. We regard all such movements on the part of our naturalized citizens, as ill timed and injudicious. The originators of them are usually the most blatant demagogues, who are actuated by a chronic love of notoriety, and whose sole object is the advancement of their own personal interests. The following remarks on this subject by the New York *Herald*, will commend themselves to all adopted citizens for the strong common sense and the wholesome advice which they contain:

"The lesson cannot too often be repeated to the adopted citizen, that with his recorded oath of allegiance to the United States he is no longer an Irishman, a German, a Frenchman, or a man of any other nationality than that of the United States; that this country is his country; that our people are his people, and that he does not fully meet the obligations of his allegiance in becoming a party to an Irish organization, or a German, French, or any other alien organization, as a balance of power in the political affairs of this country, national, State or municipal. The social ties, recreations and festivals, and the religious faith and observances which are dear to the adopted citizen, with the memories of his native land, we do not ask him to relinquish. We rather respect him for his fidelity in these matters. He is, indeed, free here to enter into any political organization, under any flag or declaration of principles, from those of an absolute despotism to the platform of the Paris Commune, and yet as a follower of the Prince of Orange or of St. Patrick, he has morally no right, especially as a citizen of this country, to transfer his Old Country quarrels, political or religious, to our shores."

THE past week was prolific of murders, assassinations, suicides and other calamities to human life. Among the most notable may be mentioned the following: The assassination of Ellen Gillen, in New York, Sunday night, by her husband, to whom she had lately been married, but having left him on account of his bad character; the attempt of Henry Jewett, a young man of twenty-five years, to kill Miss Ellen Wood, at her home, in Hudson, N. H., in the presence of her family, because she refused to Marry him, inflicting a severe pistol-shot wound upon her face, from which she has since died, and then putting a bullet through his own brain; the murder near Thorndike, Me., of Almond Gordon, a farmer, his wife, and one of his children, it is alleged by his brother, John Gordon, who brained them in their beds with an ax, hoping by putting them out of the way to come into possession of his brother's farm; the capture, after a desperate fight in the street, of two notorious burglars at Chicago, Jack Allen and Dave Reggio, in which they and a comrade who escaped opened fire on three policemen, who cornered them and were fired back upon, Jack Allen falling mortally wounded; the shooting and killing of William Goumillon and his father, Lovett Goumillon, at Edgefield, S. C., by Arthur Glover, growing out of arecent quarrel embittereed by an old grudge, Lovett Goumillon having thirty years before slain by an uncle of Arthur Glover in a fight; the hanging by lynch law of a horse-thief in Missouri, and three negro murderers in Louisiana; the upsetting of a pleasure boat, loaded with men, women and children, at Calais, Me., and the drowning of an old man, his wife and little daughter, a widow lady, and a young girl of fifteen, and the suicide at St. Johnsville, N. Y., of Miss Ruth Smith and a physician named A. D. Wheelock, growing apparently out of remorse, if nothing worse, Wheelock having commenced proceeding for divorce against his wife, in order that he might marry Miss Smith. These form but a tithe of the tragedies that have been enacted within the past few days in different parts of the country.

BELL'S GAP RAILROAD—*The First Run.*—On Saturday, the first two regular freight or coal trains passed over the Bell's Gap Railroad. The first train was composed of twenty-seven cars, or "dumps" as they technically termed, and the second composed of thirteen cars, and all filled with coal of the very best quality, making a total of forty cars passing over the road on that day. Each "dump" contained two and a half tons of bituminous coal, making a total of one hundred tons of coal passing over the road the first day. At the juncture of the Bell's Gap road with the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the coal was transferred to trucks owned by the company, and manifested to Columbia, Pa. The first ton of coal shipped over the Bell's Gap road was consigned to Dr. Rowan Clarke, of Bell's Mills, who intends having a lump of the same encased in a neat glass case for the purpose of preserving it. Messrs. Joe Ramsey, jr., Superintendent, Bob Holliday, General Agent, and some others, were aboard the train throughout the entire trip from the Northern terminus of the road to Bell's Mills, and unanimously decided that the Narrow Guage is not a failure.—*Altoona Tribune, 23d.*

Butler and Massachusetts.

Benjamin F. Butler has long had his eye upon the Governor's chair of Massachusetts. The canvass he is now conducting for the Republican nomination, though not as ostentatious and noisy as that of last year, is perhaps quite as effective.

A few of the Republican newspapers of that State mildly protest against Butler's candidacy. This is over-fastidious. Certainly Butler went all lengths in defence of the Credit Mobilier swindlers and perjurers, and was their ablest advocate on the floor of the House. But Massachusetts gave Grant a tremendous majority over Greeley last fall, and her Republican journals are loud in his praises now. And did not Grant recently give Colfax, one of the most shameless of these swindlers and perjurers, a most eulogistic certificate of good character in the very teeth of these damning exposures? Moreover, has not Grant just appointed as Minister to Japan John A. Bingham, another of these Credit Mobilier rogues, who did not try to conceal his guilt by false swearing and hypocritical explanations like Paterson and some of the rest of the villains, but in his usual blatherskite style brazened it through?

Now, if Colfax is worthy of a certificate of good character and Bingham is a suitable Minister to go to Japan, is not Butler fit to rule the intensely Republican State of Massachusetts, whereof Henry L. Dawes is the model statesman?

True it is that Butler was one of the foremost advocates of the salary-grab and back-pay steal bill, and has gone out of his way to insult people who have expressed their disapproval of this measure; and many of the Republicans of Massachusetts affect to be opposed to it. But did not Grant lobby for this bill? Did it not double his own salary after he had agreed to serve four years more at the old rate? Did he not write at the bottom of it, "Approved, U. S. Grant?" And do not Massachusetts Republicans admire Grant? And at their State Convention for the nomination of a Governor will they not pass eulogistic resolutions in favor of Grant? And if, when viewed from the standpoint of the salary-grab bill, the Republican Convention deems Grant worthy of eulogy, is not Butler fit to be their nominee for Governor?

This turning up of noses at Butler by some of the high-toned Republicans of the land of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill is sheer affectation. For six years he has been thought good enough to represent the county of Essex in Congress, the most Puritanical district of the State, embracing Andover Theological Seminary, the standard of modern orthodoxy; the town of Danvers, where the Pilgrims hung the witches for disturbing their meetings, and the city of Salem, whence they banished Roger Williams for heresy. And more significant than all this, the straight-laced Republicans of Essex, not being able to find a suitable person within their own county to represent them in Congress, have for these six years past gone into the adjoining county of Middlesex and selected Butler, the model man of Lowell, to speak for them and vote for them at the national capital. Surely, if he is a fair type of such a constituency, is he not fit to rule over the rest of the people of the Commonwealth whose virtue and honesty and honor are graduated on a lower plane than those of old Essex?

At all events, the outlying and more barbarous States of the Union will watch with interest the experiment now making by a large body of Republicans to nominate Benjamin F. Butler for Governor of a Commonwealth which boasts of Brewster and Winthrop, of Hancock and Adams, of Webster and Everett, of Whittier and Garrison. If he is nominated and elected the country will see the level which the Republican party in its foremost State has reached. If he is nominated by the Convention but beaten at the polls, then we shall have obtained a point whence there can be a new departure for the future.

Let us watch and wait.—*N Y Sun.*

REMARKABLE BLACKMAILING.—The Taunton, Mass., *Republican* says: The extortion of $36,000 from Capt. Robert Tuckerman, a prominent citizen of New Bedford, by Wm. H. Hathaway and Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose W. Landre, is one of the largest blackmailing operations on record. Mrs. Landre was the wife of Mr. Tuckerman's son, who died in January last, and the widow, with unseemly haste, married Landre in a few weeks after her husband's death. Hathaway is her brother. These three appear to have planned to get Mr. Tuckerman, who is seventy-eight years old, to their house in Matrapoisett, when he was inveigled into the chamber of Mrs. Landre by her, who put her arms around him, and at this moment in walks Hathaway, and in the highest rage threatens to kill him, to tell his wife, and frightened him into promising to pay $20,000 for silence. This promise he kept, paying the money to Hathaway in bonds. A short time afterward Mrs. Landre demanded $1,000, which Mr. Tuckerman paid her. A few weeks afterward Hathaway demanded $20,000 more, but was induced to take up with $15,000, giving a promise in writing that he would keep silence without demanding more. Suspicions of what had been done reached the ears of City Marshal, who interviewed Captain Tuckerman and ascertained its truth. The parties were arrested, and were to have been tried before the Police Court, but the matter was compromised by the parties by their returning $18,000 to the old gentleman. The Police Judge, however, was not willing to let the case drop thus, and it was sent to the Grand Jury last week, who returned indictments against Hathaway and Mr. and Mrs. Landre.

—General William O. Butler, who ran for the vice presidency on the ticket with Gen. Cass in 1848, is still alive, and a Kentucky paper gives as evidence of his vigor that although in his eighty-third year, he never walks less than six miles a day for exercise; in fact, he is most remarkably constituted, both physically and mentally, as he is as spry as a man of forty, with a memory unimpaired.

A Young Girl Dying in Filth.

THE MOST DEPLORABLE CASE OF INHUMANITY EVER BROUGHT TO LIGHT IN THIS CITY.

While the sickening details of the terrible work of the Front street fiend who endeavored to starve her children are yet fresh in the minds of all, our readers will scarcely be prepared to hear the following sickening account of a case of inhumanity that was unearthed by the police officials in this city this morning:

Adjoining Mohn's hat factory, on Maple street, below Chestnut, stands a small two-story frame house, No. 232, occupied by W. Hafner, shoemaker, and family. Information was received at the Mayor's office to the effect that a poor child was receiving grossly inhuman treatment at that place. This morning Chief Cullen, Detective Lyon, Sergeant Lutz and an *Eagle* reporter, visited the premises. Hafner was at work, and his wife, another female and baby occupied the rear back room. Chief Cullen made his errand known, and Mrs. Hafner said that her little daughter was up in her bed room, that she was subject to falling fits, and that was all. The Chief asked to be conducted to the room. This was at first refused, but it was not long, however, before the door leading up a narrow stairway was opened. The party ascended a filthy flight of steps, uncarpeted, to a low, narrow, small, filthy apartment under the roof.

The sight in the room was horrible. In one corner upon an old wooden box was curled up like a dog, a young girl aged about twelve years. She was rolling in filth, and there was nothing on her but a torn calico dress. She had no stockings, skirts, shoes or collar; nothing save a common thin calico skirt. The floor was horribly filthy, and the room without ventilation. The poor little girl is deaf and dumb, her person was absolutely filthy, her limbs appearing as if they had not been washed for years. Her nails are long and her hair is cropped off very short.

When the party entered she raised up and stared, and probably looked upon the first strange faces she had seen for years. She could not speak a word. Her hands were scarred in several places, and her face was dirt-begrimed and scaly with filth. She appeared as if she had been wallowing in dirt like some animal in a pen. The officers of the law, accustomed to many hard sights, shut out the stench from their nostrils, and stood in amazement as they looked upon the deplorable spectacle.

The mother of the girl tells a strange story. Her name was Maria Hommas before she was married to her present husband, Hafner. The mother stated that about thirteen years ago she was knocked down by some unknown person who committed a rape upon her person. It happened in the night on Chestnut street, between Third and Fourth. After a time she gave birth to a child, the same girl above alluded to. The girl was christened Emma. The father of the child was never known.

The mother raised her child, and about nine yeaas ago was married to Hafner. Six years ago the young girl was attacked with falling fits, which she has been subject to ever since. The mother stated that the girl was subject to the attacks about three times a day.

The officers took Hafner and wife in charge and conveyed the little girl and party in charge to the lock up. Mayor Evans convened Court immediately, and the following witnesses were heard:

Amelia Hayflicker, 237 Maple street, testified to the deplorable case above stated. Saw Hafner kick the child several times. The little girl's clothing for a long time consisted of a man's check shirt and nothing more. The neighbors had informed the Directors of the Poor, but nothing had been done. The ill-treatment had been going on a year. The child often complained of not receiving sufficient to eat. Mrs. Hayflicker testified to the general ill-treatment of the girl.

Andrew Geldman lives next door. He testified that the parents were guilty of gross neglect; that they would spend all their money during the week at the lager beer saloons, and would then work on Sunday. That they would go away from home and leave the poor little girl locked up in her filth alone. That complaint had been made by the neighbors, and the officers informed of the facts. That food was given to the girl secretly.

Christie Ann Clemens, a young lady residing in the neighborhood, also testified to the bad treatment meted out to the girl.

After hearing the evidence, Mayor Evans remarked that it was almost beyond belief that so terrible a case of inhumanity and neglect could exist in this city, and in view of the facts set forth, he felt justified in holding the step-father and the mother of the child each in $1,000 bail to answer at Court.

At this announcement the mother burst into tears, while the dumb girl gazed around upon the people assembled in the office, not knowing what was going on. Her whole person appears to be covered with burns received by falling on a stove. She is pefectly stiff, and Sergeant Lutz was compelled to carry her about from place to place wherever she was wanted. The unnatural parents are said to own the property they live in, and earned sufficient money to properly care for the unfortunate girl. Hafner and wife were committed to jail in default of bail, the woman taking her baby with her. The girl, together with two other children, were taken to the poor-house. An order was issued to have the filthy premises thoroughly cleaned, particularly the filthy pen in which the girl has passed nearly a whole year in solitary confinement.

The above is the most deplorable case of the kind that has ever been brought to light in this city, and it has occasioned considerable excitement among the people of that section.—*Reading Eagle*, 19.

—A correspondent writing from Hillsborough, Ohio, to a Cincinnati newspaper, tells what he has done to exterminate potato bugs. First, with no good result, he sprinkled upon the vines lime, ashes, plaster of Paris, and sulphur. The bugs were next treated with turpentine, benzine, spirits of hartshorn, and alcohol, but these fluids only seemed to add to their enjoyment of life. Gum camphor and asafœtida were then resorted to. Still the insects lived on; and so they did through a course of chloroform, and of sulphuric, muriatic, acetic, nitric, nitro-muriatic, and chemically pure nitric acid. These did not in the least affect their appetites. Then Paris green was tried, and this was found rather too effective, as it killed both the bugs and the vines themselves. It is now proposed to try calomel, which it is thought will loosen the teeth of the insects.

—The *Nation* gives the following definition of the Republican party: "It is held together as an organization solely by the possession of the Government office. This makes it a real business concern, with accounts to keep, earnings to make, dividends to distribute and claims to adjust. It consequently does not need opinions, and, to do it justice, makes no pretence of having any. Indeed there is no body of political doctrine in existence which will furnish authority for the policy of the Administration in Louisana, and yet the party papers all defend it."

A Horrible Murder.

CHILDREN RAVISHED—THE HANLON TRAGEDY SURPASSED.

There has been mention in the press of two children, named Annie Regan, aged 5 years and 2 months, and Margaret Mulvey, aged 4 years and 9 months, being missing from their homes, in the Twenty-fifth Ward, since Wednesday afternoon.

Vigilant search had been made for them in the vicinity, and especially in several vacant houses on Rose Hill, Somerset street, above Oram, near which both live. Yesterday policemen examined these houses, but could find no trace of them. Last night at twelve o'clock Mrs. Mulvey was out around the neighborhood, searching with all the anxiety of a mother, when she heard the cry of a child proceed from one of the unoccupied houses.

She obtained entrance through the rear, and in a closet in the second-story front room found the two children. Annie Regan was dead, having evidently expired a short time previously, as the body was still warm. The other child was living, but nearly dead, and it was with great exertion that she was resuscitated. This morning she is in a fair way of recovery.

The door had a spring lock on it, and was fastened. The dead child had a slight scratch across the forehead, and her arms and legs were black in spots. How the children got into the closet is a mystery. There is the greatest excitement in the vicinity, and there are suspicions of foul play, and several parties, who were on bad terms with the parents of the children, have been arrested and held to await an investigation.

Captain Heins, of the detectives, went to the place and found a bunch of hair on the floor, which he retained.

LATER PARTICULARS.

Further investigation develops the fact that the occurrence is a mystery no longer, for it is undoubtedly a most fiendish and unparalleled murder.

The mother was first attracted to the house by hearing a child cough, and when she went to the closet was horror-stricken.

Her own child was dead, and Margaret Mulvey was lying insensible on the floor of the closet, with the dead child thrown on her. The alarm was at once given, and in a few minutes the neighbors poured into the house, and the children were conveyed to the homes of their parents, which were in a short time surrounded with a dense and excited crowd.

Examination made by a physician and several women divulged the fact that both children had been brutally outraged—their persons and the condition of the clothing showing this almost beyond a doubt. The body of Annie Regan bore marks of a desperate struggle having taken place, while the other child, although marked badly, was not so much disfigured as the other.

The detectives searched the house where the children were found, and on the stairs and floor found bits of hair and clothing, as if both had been taken in alive, and resisting stoutly while being carried up the stairs. The house having been searched at three P. M., the children must have been taken in after that time, while the fact of the dead child being still warm, seems to give ground to a theory that they had been taken in but a very short time prior to the discovery by the mother.

The question now is as to where the children have been concealed since missing on Wednesday afternoon, and whether they were not violated previous to last night, and perhaps several times between Wednesday and last night. The detectives are searching vigorously for a clue to the wretch who perpetrated the awful crime, and should he be captured in the neighborhood he will be lucky if he escapes Judge Lynch. The Coroner will begin the inquest to-day, but not likely finish it, as there is a probability now that Margaret Mulvey is recovering, and that young as she is she may be able to give some clue to the villain.—*Philadelphia Herald, 20th.*

A DOG STORY.—Wednesday last was "a good day for the race"—the canine race is referred to—as the following true tale of a Minnesota dog, related by a reliable eye witness, shall prove. On that day, as one of the trains on the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad stopped at Centreville, a few miles beyond White Bear Lake, a lady took a seat in one of the passenger coaches, and the train started. When it stopped at White Bear station, a dog of medium size, and with rather a shaggy coat, came alongside upon the platform, and was noticed to be very warm and panting heavily. Again, a few miles further on, a halt was made to take water, and Conductor Bond called the attention of some of the passengers to the fact that the dog had followed them from White Bear Lake, as he supposed. The train was going off, and shortly doggy was seen close behind. Passengers became interested, and crowded to the rear of the car to watch the race. Occasionally, at some pool beside the track, doggy would dash down, take a few drops of the cooling fluid, varying this sometimes with a bath, and then with a sharp yelp or two, as if in pain at the idea of being held behind, dash on. In this way an even race was maintained until a down grade was reached, when the train made a long swift dash to gain impetus for a rising grade beyond. Doggy now fell behind; he tried hard but it was too much for him; his little body was, however, just full of pluck and perseverance, and to the delight of the passengers, whose sympathy was fully aroused for the canine hero, when the up grade was reached, doggy made good his loss and caught up with the train. Conductor Bond said that he would stop and take up the weary runner, now showing signs of exhaustion, but there was no one to take care of him or to deliver him to at the journey's end. By this time a lady passenger from Centreville became interested to know what it was which so excited the passengers, and as she saw the little racer, she immediately recognized him as the pet of the friends with whom she had been visiting at Centreville. He had followed her to the depot, and gallantly attended her on foot on her journey until within about four miles of St. Paul. Conductor Bond seized the bell rope, the train was quickly stopped, and doggy was taken on board, where he was given first-class quarters and a free ride, which he had amply earned by fairly running a fourteen-mile race with a passenger train making its usual time. It is needless to add that doggy was as delighted as his weary little body would allow to regain sight of the friend he had followed, and that he was the hero of the hour with all on board the train.—*St. Paul Press.*

—A candidate for a cadetship at the United States Military Academy at West Point will be selected by a competitive examination, to take place at Warren, Pa., on the 16th day of July next. Applicants must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two years, and citizens of the State of Pennsylvania. A competent and impartial committee will conduct the examination. Here is a chance for all the youths of the State to enter the list. The lad who wins the prize will feel much better than if he bought it from an impecunious member of Congress, or obtained it by crawling to the feet of some man, who would exact payment for the matter in some other way.

The Potato Crop Endangered.

We are in receipt of such facts and statistics in regard to the progress of the potato beetle as to cause the most serious apprehension for the welfare of this important crop. From all parts of this and adjoining counties we have advices that they are prevailing in countless numbers.

More than a year ago, we gave in the *Tribune* full accounts of this insect, and the best modes of combating it; and lately we have noticed in our agricultural columns the fact of their appearance in great numbers, so that the readers of our paper are doubtless well posted in regard to the subject. Still a few words more to call attention to the importance of the evil, may not be out of place.

The *Doryphora decem-lineata*, Colorado or Western ten-lined potato bug, is an insect about half an inch in length, of a thick, oval shape, and of a yellowish cream color, with ten black lines running lengthwise down the wing covers. The head and thorax are of an orange brown color, spotted and marked with black. These mature insects appear on the vines soon after they come up in the spring, and commence pairing and laying eggs in clusters on the under sides of the leaves to the number of from seven to twelve hundred. The larvæ hatch from these eggs in a few days, and commence feeding on the potato leaves, and it is in this state they do the mischief. They are at first a dark-reddish brown, but become paler and brighter as it matures. The head is black, and they have a ring of black on the first segment of their bodies, and two rows of black spots on each side. They feed from seventeen to twenty days, and then bury themselves in the earth where they change into pupæ, in which state they remain from ten to twelve days, and finally emerge from the earth as perfect beetles, to deposit more eggs for a second generation. There are said to be three broods annually, the last brood remaining under ground during the winter. All their transformations are affected in fifty days, and the progeny of a single pair would amount in one season to *over sixty millions*. It will thus be seen how frightful the destruction they can accomplish will be, unless prompt measures are taken to destroy them. The potato crop is of vast importance in this vicinity, and the subject should receive earnest attention.

Many remedies have been suggested, and failed in their application. Hand-picking is right when the insects first appear in the spring; but that time is now past, and we must fight the larvæ while they are eating the leaves. Lime answers as a palliative, and drives the insects away for a time, but does not kill them. The only thing that destroys them to advantage is that described in another part of our paper—Paris green, mixed with flour, plaster, or some other ingredient to enable the operator to scatter over the vines. Cultivators have found that one pound of the poison mixed with twenty pounds of ground plaster is about the right proportion in which to apply it. About four pounds of the former and eighty pounds of the latter will answer for an acre of potatoes if carefully applied. This can be done by getting a handle soldered on an old fruit can, and punching holes in the bottom, something in the way of a pepper box. The operator should have a bit of berege, or other light material over his face to avoid inhaling the dust, as it is a deadly poison.

We have thus given all that is known up to the present time, and claim that the readers of the *Tribune* have the fullest opportunity to save their crop of this important esculent.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

Singular Result of an Exciting Trial.

Quite an extraordinary trial took place a few days since at Towsontown, Md., of a removed case from Baltimore city. It appears that nearly three years ago Andrew D. Jones, a noted and very respectable colored man, died, possessed of over $20,000; quite a large fortune for one in his position. This money was accumulated in a long and honorable course of business which Andrew had quite a monopoly of among the wealthier citizens and wine merchants of Baltimore. When Andrew died, a widow appeared, claiming administration and the fortune, no mention having been made by her of any issue or other relatives. There appeared, however, before the final account of the estate was rendered, certain children of Andrew's brothers, claiming, as nephews, a half share of the property. The claimants succeeded, both in the Orphans' Court, and after, in the Court of Appeals, in sustaining their claims to a moiety of the estate.

And now comes in the romance of the story. Just as the successful nephews were exulting over their victory at Annapolis, there appears on the scene a long absent son of the deceased Andrew—a certain Harry Jones—a son by his first wife and early love (whom Andrew had deserted in early life), and who had been wandering the world over for more than thirty years, but making his home at Liverpool, where he married a widow with an only child. Harry, early in 1872, hearing of his father's death, hastened home to claim his patrimony, and brought with him the little step-child, Mary Jones, whose mother had died and left entirely to his care. The girl, bright, light, pretty and about fourteen years of age, is confidingly introduced by Harry to his father's supposed widow, Frances, and afterwards left by him in the care of some of her friends. Harry then proceeded to make formal claim to his father's estate.

Pending his claim, early in December, 1872, he is suddenly arrested upon the oath of his little step-daughter, whom he had fostered and supported all her life, upon the charges of an attempt to commit a rape and kill her. He was at once cast into jail, and having no friends to bail him, there remained. These serious charges, involving a felony at law, are punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary. The cases were removed to Towsontown, and the trials have just terminated. The evidence on the part of the girl, who was represented by private counsel, was that her step-father had supported her from a baby, but that in November last he had whipped her severely, and behaved indecently towards her. The defense, however, fully sustained the fact of a deep laid conspiracy—showing that a certain Buck Jones (a relative of Frances D. Jones, the widow) who had only recently been discharged from jail, had been used to decoy the little daughter into making these charges—one of the witnesses, unimpeached, for the defense, having testified to a confession of Mary to her, that Mrs. Jones, the widow of Andrew, had "put her up to say them things."

The result was, after all the testimony was in, that the State's officer virtually abandoned the prosecution, and the hardly-used claimant was triumphantly acquitted, amid the plaudits of the spectators and the congratulations of the jury, that he had succeeded in exposing a foul conspiracy and cleared his reputation of the infamous charge against him.

—While the Modocs were being removed from Tule Lake to Fort Klamath, one of them, Curly Headed Jack, shot himself, and soon after died. Several of the Indians who were ironed nearly succeeded in filing off their irons and escaping.

News and Political Items.

—Modoc City is the name of a new town in Butler county, Pa.

—A fire at East Saginaw, Michigan, on Friday, caused a loss of $75,000. Seventy families were rendered homeless.

—The village of Michiganme, Michigan, was entirely destroyed by fire Thursday, over two hundred houses being burned. Eight lives were lost.

—The Mount Vernon Cotton Mill, in Baltimore, was burned on Friday, loss about $200,000. Two hundred persons thrown out of employment by the fire.

—John Francis Kearns, sentenced to fifteen years' confinement for treason in connection with Fenianism in Ireland, has just died in an insane asylum at Perth.

—The Postmaster General will issue an order soon, directing that all packages which cannot be delivered to the persons addressed be returned to the writers free of charge.

—Forty buildings in Portsmouth, mostly tenement houses, were destroyed by fire Friday afternoon. The total loss is estimated at $120,000. A child was burned and several persons were injured.

—George Fields, a negro, murdered Lizzie Koch, a German girl, near Kirkwood, Mo., on Sunday last. He was soon captured by the Sheriff near Labadie and taken to Augusta, where he was lynched by a mob.

—On Thursday, in the United States District Court, at Williamsport, Pa., Thomas Campbell was convicted of robbing the postoffice at Towanda, and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment in the State Penitentiary.

—A Peoria woman lately sent to a friend postage stamps to a friend in New York to help make up the number of 2,000, which quantity a gentleman has agreed to build an Episcopal chapel in her neighborhood. They are utilized in the manufacture of a special quality of paper-*mache*.

—The remarkable native products of the Keystone State are not fully appreciated. In 1870, eight counties of Pennsylvania produced anthracite coal, seventy-six bituminous; twenty-three produced iron ore, twenty-five stone, eight produced two marble, two slate, two emery, one nickle, one zinc.

—A Nevada man writes to a friend in Jasper that they have eight males and one female in that State, and that if the latter has fluous women," the anxious mothers and daughters ones of Massachusetts, are possessed of the requisite qualities for good breeders, and will go out there where they will be allowed to return unmarried.

—Somebody at Louisville forwarded President Grant at Long Branch his son Jesse, a live alligator four feet long. Jesse declined the present and the President paid express charges, amounting to fourteen dollars, leaving the money with the baggage man. The monster afterward became dejected and died.

—Four colored men, who murdered Rhett and Snaire, at New Iberia, La., the day night, were arrested on Monday, one of them turned State's evidence and told the details of the crime. The murderers were taken out of town by a party of men and hanged. They confessed their guilt, but said that the only evidence against Lanet's throat.

—Peter Gribbel, a German, was accidentally shot, and probably fatally injured, last Thursday, while marching in procession in Jamestown, Green county, Wis. His company had been ordered to order arms, and as he dropped the gun to the ground it was discharged, the ball taking effect in the left eye, mangling his face in a dreadful manner.

—Near Santa Rosa, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, Gardner and Valentine Schreiner were playing together in a store. Hoefner thought that a man was robbing the store, and shot Scheiner, killing him. The men were the most friendly terms, and after investigation Hoefner was discharged from custody, on the ground that the shooting was accidental.

—At Princeton, in Mille Lacs county, Minn., on Tuesday, a boy and girl, aged 10 and 12 years, children of Mr. Dodge, were playing together and amusing themselves by throwing kernels of corn and other small articles at each other, until the little girl threw a pair of scissors which struck the boy, point first, and penetrated to his heart, killing him instantly. The two children was much attached to each other.

—Another terrible warning of the danger of handling kerosene oil comes to us from Savannah. On Saturday week, Mrs. Conovar, wife of a mechanic of that city, poured kerosene on a fire she was kindling, and which communicated with the oil in the can, burst it, scattered the oil over her clothes and her infant child, burning both so badly that Mrs. C. died that night and the child on Saturday.

—During a thunder storm last week in Kylertown, Pa., a Mr. James Lee was injured by a stroke of lightning which entered the house, tearing a hole about a foot in diameter in the roof, passed down the chimney and stove pipe, struck the stove and striking Mrs. Dilley, who was sitting near, passed down her limb through the floor, tearing her shoe to pieces, and taking off two toes, beyond which it passed, and a slight paralyzation from the shock, but she was not hurt.

—A little son of Wm. Holmes, of Uniontown, Fayette county, in company with some other boys, had a torchlight procession with a lot of cast away kerosene lamps recently. By some means one of the lamps exploded over young Holmes, setting his clothing and apparel on fire, which the other boys in their attempted to extinguish by beating the flames with their hats. An adult female, a woman passing at the time, succeeded in smothering the flames with her shawl, but the boy was so badly burned that he died four hours after the occurrence of the accident.

—J. E. Van Doren, of Rockland county, New York, whose mysterious disappearance on the 6th of December last caused much excitement, has been heard from. He has recently received a letter from Rotterdam, Holland, May 21, in which the writer explains the cause of his sudden departure from home. He says that on the 6th of December he, in company with a friend, started on a ducking excursion in the bay near Fire Island. Their boat capsized and his friend was drowned. Van Doren drifted to sea on the bottom of the boat. On the afternoon of the following day he was picked up by the crew of a Swedish bark, bound for Rotterdam. When five days out the bark was spoken by an English bark bound for Boston, and Van Doren exchanged ships.

—The Chester *Vase* says "during the storm," and tells the following: "A little urchin about two or three years old, who lives on Third street, was missed by his parents. They hunted everywhere, looked in every closet was ransacked, every bed and clothes were washed and wrung out, to see whether he might not have been drowned, but they were, absolutely into thin air. Finally, after the storm was over, the matter accomplished what the parents could not. In the yard was an old fashioned dog kennel, but had recently been used for a coal bin which had formerly been used for a hen coop, and into a receptacle for rubbish. Some one was on the lookout for the little fellow, and soon espied his beak into the plump little body of the little urchin, who set up a lusty yell. The dog was hastily made for the spot and extricated the little fellow, who hopeful from his struggles soon fell into a state of repose. He had slept about an hour in the ash barrel.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - June 27, 1873.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Cresson is filling up. So is Belmont.

—Don't forget Wilmore's big pic-nic on Fourth of July.

—Another heavy rain Monday night, but rain more still needed.

—We have met the enemy and—we are ours. More's the pity for us.

—Excursion tickets will be issued on the P. R. R., July 3d, 4th, and 5th, good until 7th.

—Sunday next the chime of bells for St. Mary's (Catholic) church, Conemaugh borough, will be blessed by Bishop Domenec.

—Joe Gutwald, our good-natured butcher friend, offers a fine property in Loretto for sale at private sale. See advertisement.

—James Slain, recently injured on the road at Irwin's Station, died on Friday last at his home in Cambria borough, this county.

—All the nice things our editorial brethren said about our candidacy having availed us naught, condolence is the next thing in order.

—Some property holders along Julian street have been required to renovate their premises, while others have not. Why is this?

—Lots of good fellows in town Monday, and they did come to attend our political meeting. Blair and Westmoreland counties were ably represented.

—The *Freeman* is two days ahead of time this week. Bound to have our paper out even if we have to take a back pew in the political synagogue.

—A man had one of his legs considerably lacerated at a log job in White township a few days ago, but we have forgotten his name and failed to learn other particulars.

—A hen in Cambria City set and hatched a brood of chickens, and in thirty-six hours from the time she was first set the eggs were laying. How high was dot? asks *Voice*.

—Philip W. Pringle, of Jackson township, killed a large wildcat not many days since—the third of the species, the *Herald* says us, that Mr. P. has popped within a short period.

—Some of our friends thought we didn't come out soon enough before the convention, but we defy any of them to say that we didn't come *out* soon enough after that body had convened.

—Fifteen feet in length and thirty-three inches in what a Yoder township gentleman says for a rattlesnake killed by him on Hill a few days ago. A huge story—a huge lie.

—Peter Christy has set the ball in motion for a grand pic-nic on July 10th, the proceeds to assist in the improvements going on about his church. All friends of the same are respectfully invited.

—Hon. Geo. C. K. Zahm accidentally fell through a bench which had been partially removed across one of the pavements on High street, Monday night, by some mischievous persons evidently, but fortunately escaped with a few slight bruises.

—Johnny, youngest child of Henry and Christiana Swisher, of Bennington Furnace, Blair county, died on Sunday last from the effects of concentrated lye taken into the stomach the day previous, during the temporary absence of his mother.

—Being sadly demoralized by the result of Monday's convention, so far as it has affected ourself personally, the readers of the *Freeman* will have to put up with a semi-indifferent paper in point of local and neighboring news this week.

—An accident in several places, arms burned by a ruptured steam pipe, and a general demoralization of his entire system, were the effects of a twenty foot fall, in which a man named Hamilton took the lead-ership, at the rail mill, Johnstown, on Monday last.

—A young lad in White township, the other day, having heard his father read that "all flesh is grass," recklessly flung the scythe around and cut off his little sister's great toe. The scriptural injunction was not, however, save him from a first-class flogging.

—Rev. Daniel Devlin, whose ordination occurred two weeks ago, has been assigned to the Presidency of St. Francis' College, Loretto, and Rev. Ferd. Kittell will fill that institution, has been made Professor of Dead Languages at the Theological Seminary, Pittsburgh.

—Is it that nearly every street, and many of the alleys, of this borough, except Main street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the town, have been more or less repaired and put in a presentable condition?

—The street commissioner, or any one else who knows, will oblige by answering this conundrum.

—A lad named John Campbell, son of a widow woman, was thrown from a mule while crossing Cambria borough toll bridge on Monday morning last, and one of his feet catching in a trace chain, he was dragged across the bridge before assistance reached him, and very badly injured, although no bones were broken.

—A large quantity of earth fell upon a young man named Thomas Smiley while employed excavating for the third Pa. R. R. track between Elizabeth Furnace and Allegheny Mills, Blair county, on Saturday afternoon last, and a compound fracture of the right thigh and other serious injuries resulted.

—It is expected that he will recover.

—On Friday night week John C. Nason, toll keeper of Philipsburg, Centre county, was shot in the back, in his stable, by the unknown villian, who had awaited an opportunity to murder the landlord. The previous character who had a difficulty with Mr. Nason some time before is suspected of having fired the shot. The recovery of the hotel keeper is doubtful.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.—At half-past one o'clock, P. M., on Monday last, the Democratic County Convention met at the Court House in this place, as per call of the Chairman of the County Executive Committee, N. Horne, Esq., who in a few pertinent remarks reviewed the political situation during the past year. His remarks were received with much applause. The convention was then organized by calling James King to the chair, J. K. Hite having first declined the honor. Messrs. N. Freidhoff, J. Kirkpatrick and M. F. Kelly were selected as Secretaries.

Presenting the credentials of the delegates being next in order, the following named gentlemen responded to the call by districts:

LIST OF DELEGATES.

Adams Twp.—Henry Topper, John S. Wissinger.

Allegheny Twp.—Wm. J. Buck, Michael Cooper.

Barr Twp.—John D. Ake, Henry Krumenacher.

Blacklick Twp.—James H. White, Geo. C. Mardis.

Cambria Bor.—Jno. Ryan, Dan'l McPeak.

Cambria Twp.—Thomas Hoover, Martin Sanders.

Carroll Twp.—James Kirkpatrick, Peter Cain.

Chest Twp.—Jacob Kirkpatrick, Geo. A. Deitrich.

Chest Bor.—Jos. Wertner, Jos. Cramer.

Carrolltown Bor.—Julius Stich, Lawrence Schroth.

Clearfield Twp.—James A. Wharton, Jacob Nagle.

Conemaugh Twp.—Jethro Oldham, John Shaffer.

Conemaugh Bor.—1st Ward, John Campbell, N. Freidhoff; 2d Ward, Joseph Daley, Charles Dopp.

Croyle Twp.—Jno. Rorabaugh, John Neff.

Coopersdale Bor.—Francis Berkeypile, W. A. Krise.

East Conemaugh Bor.—Thos. Egan, David Falloon.

Ebensburg—East Ward, John G. Lake, John E. Scanlan; West Ward, J. K. Hite, Thomas McBreen.

Franklin Bor.—John Furlong, Wm. Sherer.

Gallitzin Twp.—Ed. Kehoe, M. F. Kelly.

Jackson Twp., Henry Rager, Elias Reagn.

Johnstown—1st Ward, John W. Seigh, Aug. Dangus; 2d Ward, Jos. Crouse, Conrad Raab; 3d Ward, Louis Wehn, James King; 4th Ward, Max Heubach, J. Gearhart; 5th Ward, A. Sirlouis, J. Hamilton, sr.; 6th Ward, Wm. Strauss, Simon Young.

Loretto Bor.—Jas. O'Donnell, P. Mcally.

Millville Bor.—Jas. Hogan, John Burns.

Munster Twp.—Geo. McCullough, Martin Campbell.

Prospect Bor.—John Smith, John Egan.

Richland Twp.—Jacob Gilman, Hiram Wissinger.

Summerhill Twp.—John Mullin, Alex. Skelly, (substitute for Edw. McGlade).

Summitville Bor.—John C. Boland, John Riffle.

Susquehanna Twp.—Joseph A. Gray, Stephen Brothers.

Taylor Twp.—Jas. B. Clark, P. Kearns.

Washington Twp.—Geo Schwarderer, P. Cassidy.

White Twp.—David Hollas, M. J. Noel.

Wilmore Bor.—Michael Dugan, Arthur Cullen.

Woodvale Bor.—Dan'l Berthold, A. Keifline.

Upper Yoder Twp.—Jos. Hochstein, Jacob Ream.

Lower Yoder Twp.—J. Barns, J. Strayer.

There being no contested seats or any other business except the formation of a county ticket and the selection of a county committee, etc., the convention proceeded at once to ballot for a candidate for

ASSEMBLY.

For this office the names of Henry Scanlan, of Carrolltown, and Nathaniel Horne, of Johnstown, were presented, and the first ballot resulted in the nomination of Mr. Scanlan by the following vote: Scanlan, 48; Horne, 38. The nomination was thereupon made unanimous.

The names of Herman Baumer and Jas. Benford, of Johnstown, William Linton, of Summitville, John D. Thomas and George Gurley, of Ebensburg, and John Connery, of Chest Springs boro', were then suggested for the office of

SHERIFF,

when the convention proceeded to vote, the several ballotings resulting as follows:

	1st bal't.	2d bal't.	3d bal't.	4th bal't.
Baumer.....	37	36	40	44
Gurley.....	20	22	21	22
Linton.....	18	18	18	16
Thomas.....	7	7	8	4
Connery.....	3	3	(withdrawn.)	
Benford.....	1	1	"	

Mr. Baumer having received a majority of the votes cast on the fourth ballot, was declared the choice of the convention for the office of Sheriff of Cambria county, a nomination which, upon motion, was made unanimous.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,

A. D. Criste, of Munster township, David Humphreys, of East Conemaugh borough, and H. A. McPike and John Dougherty, sr., of Ebensburg, were presented, and on the ballotings proceeded with as follows:

	1st bal't.	2d bal't.	3d bal't.	4th bal't.
Criste.....	38	21	42	47
Humphreys..	31	34	26	25
McPike.....	16	19	18	13
Dougherty ...	1	1	(withdrawn.)	

The fourth ballot having resulted in favor of A. D. Criste by a very decisive majority, his nomination was likewise concurred in by the unanimous voice of the convention.

Edward Glass, of Ebensburg, Jos. Pringle, of Croyle township, and Lewis Shank, of Adams township, were next named for the position of

COUNTY COMMISSIONER,

for which office the several ballotings presented the subjoined results:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.
Glass.....	22	24	31	35	39	43	45
Pringle.....	24	20	14	8	(withdrawn.)		
Shank.....	32	31	32	36	39	39	39

The nomination of Mr. Glass was endorsed in the same manner as those which had preceded it.

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR.

The names of Anselm Weakland, of Chest township, Chas. Flick, of Allegheny township, and Jacob Keiper, of Adams township, were offered for the suffrages of the convention. Four ballots were had as follows:

	1st bal't.	2d bal't.	3d bal't.	4th bal't.
Weakland...	27	34	27	43
Flick.....	14	14		6 (withd'w.)
Keiper.....	29	36	36	34

Mr. Weakland, being the choice of the convention, was accepted unanimously.

FOR AUDITOR,

Messrs. H. B. Freidhoff, P. F. Carney, W. Litzinger, John Buck, and G. C. K. Zahm were presenced, and on the fourth ballot Mr. Freidhoff was selected, the contest having narrowed down to himself and Mr. Carney, the vote standing: Freidhoff 38; Carney 24.

CORONER.

For this position R. H. Singer, of Johnstown, was chosen by acclamation.

JURY COMMISSIONER.

On the first ballot, Henry Topper, of Adams township, was nominated, the vote recorded showing 40 for Mr. Topper, 16 for Mr. Shields, and 2 for Mr. Mardis.

John A. Blair, of Ebensburg, was appointed Representative Delegate to the State Convention of 1874, and John G. Lake, of Ebensburg, Alex. Skelly of Summerhill twp., and Joseph A. Wertner, of Chest Springs, chosen Senatorial Conferees, to meet like Conferees from other counties in the District, for the purpose of selecting a Senatorial Delegate to the same convention.

Wm. H. Sechler, Esq., of Ebensburg, was chosen Chairman of the County Committee, for the ensuing year, which is composed of the gentlemen named below, the same having been submitted by the delegates representing respectively the several districts named:

COUNTY COMMITTEE.

Wm. H. Sechler, Ebensburg, Chairman.

L. W. Shank, Adams twp.; F. A. Storm, Allegheny twp.; Thomas Judge, Cambria borough; J. S. Mardis, Blacklick; H. Krumenacher, Barr; H. Byrne, Cambria; D. A. Luther, Carroll; John Buck, Carrolltown; Francis Hoover, Chest; D. C. Little, Chest Springs; J. A. Wharton, Clearfield; Thos. Hartsock, Coopersdale; H. R. Shaffer, Conemaugh, twp.; John Campbell, 1st Ward, John Neill, 2d Ward, Conemaugh borough; ——, Croyle; John Cooney, East Conemaugh; John G. Lake, East Ward, T. J. Williams, West Ward, Ebensburg; Wm. Adams, Franklin; P. F. Carney, Gallitzin; John Rager, Jackson; John Hannan, 1st Ward, John C. Riffle, 2d Ward, Louis Wehn, 3d Ward, Max Heubach, 4th Ward, Henry Mattern, 5th Ward, Simon Young, 6th Ward, Johnstown; R. E. Shields, Loretto; Patrick Rodgers, Millville; J. Durbin, Munster; H. McMonigle, Prospect; Wm. Cole, Richland; Jas. Shorthill, Summerhill; John W. Sharbaugh, Sumitville; John Somerville, Susquehanna; Jas. B. Clark, Taylor; Cairn Lahey, Washington twp.; Stewart Walters, White; Thomas Kinney, Wilmore; Geo. W. Kough, Woodvale; Yost Hochstein, Upper Yoder; James Burns, Lower Yoder.

On motion, Convention adjourned *sine die*.

IT is an old and true saying that a prophet is without honor in his own country. This has been aptly illustrated in reference to the almost daily political prophecies which have been uttered during the last two months through the columns of that veritable journal, the Johnstown *Voice*. Contrary to all its positive assertions, and in the very teeth of all its absolute predictions, Herman Baumer has been nominated for Sheriff. If the *Voice* will now carry the war into Africa, and between this and next October wage a sharp and vigorous opposition to Baumer's election, the increased majority which he will receive over the regular Democratic vote, within the limits of the District Court, will very conclusively establish the force and extent of the political influence which it *can* wield in the southern portion of the county when it once determines to exercise all its well known and dreaded power.

—To the immortal nineteen who manifested by their works the faith that was in them, as well as to those whose hearts were in the right place if their voices were against us, we tender our earnest and heartfelt thanks. Also, to the many kind friends outside the convention who did their "level best" in our behalf—who hoped while we hoped and sorrowed when we went by the board—a like acknowledgment is due and hereby tendered. May none of us ever look upon the like again.

—Read "Comical Conly's" advertisement, get your "spons" ready for next Monday and Tuesday evenings, and then go in fully prepared to "smole many a smile and wunk many a wink" at the funny sayings and laugh'er-provoking songs which Conly well knows how to render in a style so irresistibly comic that everybody who hears him shakes in his boots with unadulterated laughter. Full plate of "Hash," 25 cents; seat at first table, 35 cents.

—The letter of "Democrat" was received too late for publication last week, and being for the most part out of season now, we reserve it until the writer puts the matter he deals with in the concluding paragraph in a more expicit shape than it now presents. We know nothing of the charge he hints at, but are willing to give him a hearing if he deals with the subject in a manner that can be neither misunderstood or gainsayed.

—The "spondulicks" we have missed—that is they've escaped our fist, of course we mean Cambria county's treasure. For you see that A. D. Criste is the favored chap who's "jist" been found to fill the measure. So here's success to him; may he go in and bravely win ere October's ides are ended; and to help along the cause, here's both our outstretched paws, with hopes, and prayers, and best wishes blended.

THE SEASHORE.—This weather is well calculated to remind us of the seashore with its cool and invigorating breezes and delightful bathing in the breakers. The Columbia house at Cape May will be ready for guests June 28, and Mr. Bolton informs us his prospects are good for a full house. The Columbia is located directly upon the beach and has a finely shaded lawn. As a family resort it has no superior at the seashore. It has long been conceded that Cape May excels all other seaside resorts for the safety and smoothness of its beach. It is the only point upon our coast where ladies and children can bathe with entire security at any time of the tide.

HE that steals my purse steals trash, but he that buys made-up clothing from S. J. Hess & Bro., Johnstown, gets the genuine stuff, strong, well made, well cut, and well sewed. Hess might have taken the prize at the Vienna Exposition, for cleverness and tact in selling ready-made clothing at No. 141 Main street, Johnstown, but then he didn't want it. He would rather have lots of good fellows from the mountain swoope down on him and buy every man a full suit at honest prices.

M. BOSSART & Co., successors to John J. Murphy, Johnstown, are doing a rushing business in the dry goods line. The people flock to see their charming new goods, like pigeons resort to a buckwheat field in September. And no marvel, for they keep choice and cheap dry goods, and are adepts in the art of selling at popular prices. Give them a call.

Our New York Letter.

ÆRIAL NAVIGATION—AN ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC TO BE MADE—A GOOD THING WELL DONE—GOSSIP OF THE DAY—LITERARY—PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, June 17, 1873.

A GOOD THING WELL DONE.

A notable event which has been anticipated with much interest in business and insurance circles was the annual election of the Mutual Life Insurance Co., on Monday last. A peculiar interest attached to this meeting, as for the last year the company has been made the object of fierce invective and abuse by blackmailers of high and low degree, and by the lesser satelites who revolve in their train, humble imitators of the notorious English. The most atrocious charges have been made against its principal officiate in order to destroy the confidence of its members in its management, which is composed of the most eminent business men of the city. The Legislature had been informed that the officials only held their places by proxies procured by agents, and this is where the event is striking and notable. At the election but one vote was cast by proxy, that of a policy-holder who was unable to appear in person; and the next striking point is that the old board were unanimously re-elected, except two, who had resigned and whose places were acceptably filled. Therefore the thing was all one-sided and very dull. Had English been out of jail you may be assured one vote would have been recorded solid and solemn against this result. But the 82,000 members whose officers hold in trust a cash reserve of over $60,000,000 would probably care very little about it. Apropos of this, English is still in jail, the bail though reduced from $20,000 to $2,000 not being forthcoming.

ÆRIAL NAVIGATION.

Professor John Wise, æronaut, who proposes to cross the Atlantic in a balloon, thereby establishing his theories regarding the currents of the atmosphere and the uses to which they can be put for the purposes of travel, is in New York. Boston, thro' a sudden contraction of her currency, has found herself inadequate to the task of sending out the pioneer transatlantic baloon, and Prof. Wise comes to New York with new hope, confident that the metropolis is, after all, the best place to start from. The enthusiasm of the gray headed æronaut is, to say the least, very pleasing to see, and augurs well for success of the undertaking, if he can but get the assistance he requires. It will require $10,000 to put the scheme upon a sure foundation, and the Professor thinks that he has already found, or will find, men who will champion his cause to that amount. It would seem strange that not only private enterprise but the government will expend hundreds of thousands of dollars in trying to discover an open Polar sea, which cannot be of the slightest practical use to commerce or navigation, when in such a trip as this proposed by Prof. Wise there is an opportunity presented of opening up at least an efficient mail service between the civilized portions of the globe.

GOSSIP OF ALL SORTS.

A new book by Miss Harriet W. Preston, who writes as cleverly in her own language as from others, promises to be of novel form as well as of novel title: "The Nineteenth Century in Love." The hero is a newspaper correspondent—the heroine a cultivated New England girl.

Cornelius S. Brady, third officer of the ill-fated Atlantic, was presented with a purse of sovereigns by the passengers on board of the Celtic, on the passage of the latter from this port to Liverpool, in honor of his heroic action in rescuing passengers of the Atlantic.

Complaints have been made against certain lawyers or pension agents in this city for cheating soldiers and the widows and orphans of soldiers in the collection of pensions and claims for back pay. One lawyer is under indictment for the offense in Brooklyn, and the evidence against him is stated to be of so strong and clear nature that the probability is that he will be convicted if tried.

A painful rumor is in circulation among some of the Masonic Fraternity. It was whispered that upon the arrival of the Hamburg steamer, Thuringia, last Tuesday, the body of the late Governor Orr was found to be so decomposed that it was thought improper to keep it any longer. It was taken from the coffin, privately packed in another and sent off to South Carolina. The coffin, which lay in state at the Governor's room and was followed by an imposing escort through the city, is said to have contained his weight in stones. The rumor is here given as it passed from lips to lips, without asserting its truth.

The reformers have again begun to tear in pieces woman's dress. One writer, probably a woman with crooked ankles, urges the wearing of those now happily absolette "pantalettes" which hung down to the heels of our grandmothers and baffled the eyes of our grandfathers. Another strenuously argues that horsemen will grow crooked-backed if they don't ride in trousers. Still another want our belles to go barefooted in summer, and so cure themselves of corns.

The famous Prince George Royal Band, of Saxony, will arrive here in a few days. The band numbers sixty members and will remain for three months. B.

THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE.—We have already noted the fact that Mr. M. L. Brown has located himself in this place as agent for the sale of the renowned and unsurpassable Singer Sewing Machine, an article of domestic utility which every household in the land ought to be possessed of. Out of 610,194 sewing machines, of twenty-five different patterns, sold during the year 1871, the sales of the Singer alone reached the immense number of 181,260—a fact which in itself ought to convince the most incredulous of the intrinsic superiority of this great machine. Mr. Brown is prepared to sell the Singer on terms which will meet the most humble income, and we are sure that no one who buys will ever have reason to regret the investment.

I. T. COPPOCK, under the Opera House, Main street, Johnstown, No. 112, is the topic. I. T. Coppock is the topic—well that's poetry, but we may as well say that his big show window outshines the June roses themselves. Who can paint like nature? Coppock. Who can lose these beautiful colors in each other? Coppock. Nature's self is outdone in the flowers, ribbons, silks, satins, hats, bonnets and dress goods of I. T. Coppock, who is about as clever a man to buy from as ever wielded a yardstick.

CAPT. JACK, the Modoc chief, is no relation of Capt. Jinks, of the Horse Marines, and neither of them is connected in any way with the immense hardware establishment of Geo. Huntley, High street, Ebensburg, where you can buy mowers, reapers, thrashers, stoves, tinware, iron, nails, woodwork for wagons, and everything necessary for carrying on a successful war against high prices. Let the world still revolve, but go to Huntley's for all you want. He has $20,000 worth to sell.

RAILROADS.—The great question now is, "What would the great West do without railroads?" but a far more important question is, "What would Ebensburg do without Myers & Lloyd, who supply the people with all kinds of dry goods, fancy goods, notions, and general varieties in their line?" The world might get on without water, but our town couldn't well get along without Myers & Lloyd. Try there—buy there—prices are not high there.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT by Evening Star Social Temple of Honor, No. 34, of Ebensburg, Pa.:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in the dispensation of His all-wise Providence to call from this probationary state to a mansion in heaven, our dearly beloved and esteemed brother, William D. Davis; therefore be it

Resolved, That in recognizing the event as a solemn admonition to us all the loss we have sustained, we, the members of the Evening Star Social Temple of Honor No. 34, enter this testimony to his memory: that in his intercourse with us he was kind, courteous, and an earnest advocate in the cause of temperance, and who by his genial heart endeared himself to all who knew him.

Resolved, That while we mourn our irreparable loss, and bow to the will of Him who doeth all things well, we tender our heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved family, and condole with them in the loss of a true and devoted husband, a kind and affectionate father, a beloved brother, an efficient and able co-worker in the cause of temperance, and a useful member of society.

Resolved, That the death of our brother admonishes us so to live, that when we are summoned from our labor here to pursue the remaining stage of our journey, we may be found fully tried and prepared to appear before the Great Chief above in that Temple not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

There shall he wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace:
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days as a mark of respect to our departed brother, that these resolutions be entered on the records of the Social Temple of Honor, a copy forwarded to the family of the deceased brother.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Ebensburg papers.

ELLIE DAVIS,
MATTIE J. JONES,
JONATHAN REES,
} Committee.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.—At a regular meeting, held June 18th, 1873, Highland Lodge, I. O. O. F., adopted the following Preamble and Resolutions:

WHEREAS, Almighty God, in his inscrutable dispensation, has removed from our midst our beloved Brother, P. G. William D. Davis, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our much esteemed and beloved Brother, our Lodge has been deprived of the counsels and admonitions of one of our oldest and most useful members, his beloved wife and children of a loving partner and dear father, and the community of a zealous and influential citizen.

Resolved, That we hereby tender our warmest sympathies to his beloved wife and family, and whilst we mourn for his company and advice herebelow, we would point upward to Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" as the All Wise disposer of events, believing that what is to us temporal loss is to our late Brother eternal gain.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning and a copy of these Resolutions be handed to the widow of our deceased Brother, and also spread upon the Minutes of our Lodge.

C. T. ROBERTS,
G. C. K. ZAHM,
D. O. EVANS.
} Committee.

THE apple which Eve presented to Adam is said to have caused Adam to make such a wry face that the whole garden became distorted in appearance, but that alleged fact does not prevent E. J. Mills from selling the cheapest and choicest flour, feed and groceries ever brought to Ebensburg. His flour is just fresh from the *Mills*, which is a great advantage. Call on him for provisions.

THE MAN in the moon was looking at the made-up clothing of James J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, the other night, with the evident intention of making a purchase. He can't shine without a new suit from Murphy, neither can the young men of Cambria county shine unless they go and do likewise. Murphy is the cheapest and clevernest man to buy from you ever read about.

For Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion Depression of Spirits, and General Debility, in their various forms, PERRO-PHOSPHORATED ELIXER OF CALISAYA made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York, and sold by *all* druggists, is the best tonic. As a stimulant tonic for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal. If taken during the season, it prevents fever and ague and other intermittent fevers. [5-16.-4t.]

A CARD.

TO THE INDEPENDENT VOTERS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY: Disgusted with this day's doings in the Democratic County Convention, I hereby offer myself as an *Independent Candidate* for the office of SHERIFF, and pledge myself, if elected, to fulfill the duties faithfully and to the best of my ability.

JAMES BENFORD.

June 23, 1873.-3m* Johnstown, Pa.

COMICAL CONLY COMING!

THE GREAT MIMIC, VOCALIST AND HUMORIST,

Mr. FRANK A. CONLY,

Will give his popular Protean, Musical Entertainment and Lecture entitled

"HASH!"

—AT THE—

COURT HOUSE, EBENSBURG,

—ON NEXT—

MONDAY and TUESDAY Evenings,

June 30th and July 1st,

introducing him in many of his great and irresistible characters.

COME AND ENJOY A WHOLESOME LAUGH.

Admission 25 and 35 Cents.

Doors open at 7—Commence at 8 o'clock.

SHERIFF'S SALES!—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, the 25TH DAY OF JULY NEXT, at one o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Samuel B. Edmiston, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Charles Dunlap, Kinports, and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, 25 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank house and log barn—now in the occupancy of John Pedicord. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Martin A. Miller.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of George Waltz, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Carrolltown borough, Cambria county, adjoining lot of Julius Stich on the north, F. Sier on the south, and an alley on the west, having thereon erected a two-story plank house—not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John A. Kennedy.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Samuel Noel, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. McDermitt, estate of John Wilt, deceased, and others, containing 6 acres, more or less, about 2 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story plank house—not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of C. T. Roberts.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, June 24, 1873.-3t.

Loretto Property FOR SALE.

A LOT OF GROUND situate in Loretto borough, Cambria county, Pa., known on the plan of said borough as Lot No. 78—fronting 50 feet on St. Mary's street and extending back 160 feet to St. Joseph street—having thereon erected a good

TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,

WITH BACK KITCHEN BUILDING ATTACHED,

Frame Stable, and other Outbuildings.

The House contains seven rooms, besides the kitchen, and has a commodious cellar under it—all in the best order. Cheap at $1,000—one-third in cash; balance in two equal annual payments, with interest. Good title. Apply to the owner, JOSEPH GUTWALD, or to

GEO. W. OATMAN, Real Estate Agent,

June 20, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg, Pa.

Executor's Notice.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the Estate of MARY O. EVANS, late of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted by the Register of said county to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JNO. E. SCANLAN, Executor.

Ebensburg, June 20, 1873. 6t.

S.T-1860-X.

IS PURELY A VEGETABLE PREPARATION, composed simply of well-known ROOTS, HERBS, and FRUITS, combined with other properties, which in their nature are Cathartic, Aperient, Nutritious, Diuretic, Alterative and Anti-Bilious. The whole is preserved in a sufficient quantity of spirit from the SUGAR CANE to keep them in any climate, which makes the

PLANTATION BITTERS

one of the most desirable Tonics and Cathartics in the world. They are intended strictly as a

Domestic Tonic,

only to be used as a medicine, and always according to directions.

They are the sheet-anchor of the feeble and debilitated. They act upon a diseased liver, and stimulate to such a degree, that a healthy action is at once brought about. As a remedy to which **Women are** especially subject, it is unsurpassed by **every other stimulant. As a Spring and Summer Tonic,** they have no equal. They are a mild and gentle Purgative as well as Tonic. They Purify the Blood. They are a splendid Appetizer. They Tone the weak strong. They purify and invigorate. They cure Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Headache. They act as a specific in all species of disorders which undermine the bodily strength and break down the animal spirits.

Depot, 53 Park Place, New York.

LYON'S KATHAIRON

Only 50 Cents per Bottle.

It promotes the GROWTH, PRESERVES the COLOR, and increases the Vigor and BEAUTY of the HAIR.

OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR was first placed in the market by Professor E. Thomas Lyon, a graduate of Princeton College. The name is derived from the Greek "KATHAIRO," signifying to *cleanse, purify, rejuvenate, or restore.* The favor it has received, and the popularity it has obtained, is unprecedented and incredible. It increases the GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR. It is a delightful dressing. It eradicates dandruff. It prevents the Hair from turning gray. It keeps the head cool, and gives the hair a rich, soft, glossy appearance. It is the SAME in QUANTITY and QUALITY as it was over a QUARTER of a CENTURY AGO, and is sold by all Druggists and Country Stores at only 50 **Cents per Bottle.**

Woman's Glory is Her Hair,

LYON'S

KATHAIRON

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE—Letters of Administration on the Estate of EDWARD D. EVANS, late of Wilmore borough, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. Payment may be made to Shoemaker & Sechler at Ebensburg, or to Mrs. Evans at Wilmore.

ORPHA J. EVANS,
WM. H. SECHLER,
} Administrators.

June 20, 1873.-6t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

ESTATE OF JOHN SCHERDON, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN SCHERDON, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of decedent are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

JAMES SCHERDON, Administrator.

Clearfield Twp., June 20, 1873.-6t.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of Michael H. Rager, Administrator of the Estate of PETER RAGER, dec'd, as shown by his second partial account, all parties interested are hereby notified that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on TUESDAY, JULY 15TH, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.

Ebensburg, June 20, 1873.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to distribute the money in the hands of Paul McKenna, Administrator of the Estate of MARK MCLAUGHLIN, dec'd, as shown by his account filed, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, 11TH JULY, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund. GEO. W. OATMAN,

Ebensburg, June 20, 1873.-3t. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—The undersigned, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county an Auditor to report distribution of the funds in the hands of Henry Bender and D. A. Luther, Executors of the last will of Emericus Bender, will sit for the purpose of his appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, 18TH JULY, 1873, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.

Ebensburg, June 20, 1873.-3t.

Estate Notice.

HAVING obtained Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN NEASON, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, dec'd, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARIA NEASON, Administratrix.

PATRICK DUNEGAN, Administrator.

Clearfield Twp., June 20, 1873.-6t.*

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified not to interfere in any manner with a BAY MARE purchased by us and left with AUGUSTINE CRAVER, of Susquehanna twp., Cambria county, during our pleasure.

HIPPS & LLOYD.

Susquehanna Twp., June 11, 1873.-3t.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WORKING CLASS MALE OR FEMALE, $60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable package of goods sent free by mail. Address, with six cents return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 153 Greenwich-st., N. Y.

Picture and BOOK AGENTS Should address at once for circulars, &c., (which will be sent free,) describing a new and superb work of art, by a popular artist, now nearly ready for delivery, and which is sure to have an enormous sale. Experienced agents should hasten to secure territory. Unusual inducements will be offered those who mean steady, energetic work. GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher, 723 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

30th Thousand in Press. Sale increasing. 2,000 more LIVE AGENTS WANTED for our

LIVINGSTONE 28 YEARS IN AFRICA!

over 600 pages, only $2.50. Incomplete and inferior works are offered. look out for them. Send for circulars and see **proof** of the **greatest success** of the season. Pocket Companion worth $10 mailed free. HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 723 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

NEVER

Neglect a Cough. Nothing is more certain to lay the foundation for future evil consequences.

WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLETS are a sure cure for all diseases of the Respiratory Organs. Sore Throat, Colds, Croup, Diptheria, Asthma, Catarrh, Hoarseness, Dryness of the Throat, Windpipe, or Bronchial Tubes, and all Diseases of the Lungs.

In all cases of sudden cold, however taken, these TABLETS should be promptly and freely used. They equalize the circulation of blood, mitigate the severity of the attack, and will, in a very short time, restore healthy action to the affected organs.

WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLETS are put up only in *blue boxes*. Take no substitutes. If they can't be found at your druggists, *send at once to the Agent in New York*, who will forward them by return mail. **Don't be Deceived by Imitations.** Sold by druggists. Price 25 cts. per box.

JOHN Q. KELLOGG, 18 Platt-st., N. York. Send for Circular. Sole Agent for U. States.

CANVASSING BOOKS SENT FREE FOR

PROF. FOWLER'S

CALLING THE DEAD.

Everybody will remember that Matilda Heron, the actress, while in California, some years since, married a lawyer popularly known as 'Harry Byrne,' from whom she subsequently parted. Upon his death, a year or two ago, Miss Heron went to San Francisco in the hope of securing a portion at least of the handsome property he was said to have left, in which effort, we believe, she failed. Byrne was universally admitted to be a man of rich and scholarly literary attainments and of original and eloquent genius as an advocate. Among the many instances of his tact as a prosecutor, the following from a 'Frisco paper, is perhaps the most striking:

Some time in the year 18—, a gentleman from one section of the country, being displeased with the conduct, actions, or words of another, manifested his disapproval by deliberately shooting him down.

In his hour of need the influence of his element was employed; bisectional friends flocked around; eminent counsel were engaged, among whom were the names of such men as Baker, McDougal and Tingley, the leaders of the bar. Byrne, who occupied the position of District Attorney, being at that time a very young man of rising talents, who was winning his way to the high position he afterwards attained, and Elisha Cook.

The day of trial commenced, but it was conceded on all sides that the prisoner, with his eminent counsel, his command of money, and his throng of sympathizing friends, would cheat the gallows and mock at justice. After the evidence was all in, Mr. Cook made an able and brilliant opening for the State, but to no avail. Then followed the counsel for defence. They were forcible, able and eloquent. They had a powerful effect wrought upon the jury, and it was palpable to all that there was scarcely a possibility of a verdict antagonistic to the prisoner.

Mr. Byrne rose in the court-room and amid deep silence proceeded to close for the prosecution. Pale as the white walls around him, with long and flowing black locks, his eyes burning and glowing like a blazing coal, he tore the veil of sophistry, weaved around the subject by his adversaries, and laid the bald and awful facts before the jury. Now rising to natural denunciation, he seemed a Nemesis to the cowering criminal before him; now he turned his voice to low pathos, as he sought to mould the jury to his will. But, as he paused, after a tremendous effort, his eye persuaded him that, unless he called to his aid some new and startling line of action, the verdict would be against him.

At the time an old and eccentric man was bailiff of the court. One of his peculiarities was to sleep through the arguments of counsel, and naught could arouse him save the command of the court and the voice of the District Attorney directing him to do some official act; but at these well known sounds he would start from his seat with an alacrity remarkable for one of his years.

Turning to the old man, (who was enjoying his usual nap) Byrne, to whom this idiosyncrasy was well known, pointed his finger at the peaceful countenance, and then eulogized his faithful attention to his duties. "But," said he, "he has in this case left one duty unperformed." Then, with a voice that thrilled through men's hearts and made the rafters ring: "Mr. Bailiff, call Wm. Adams." The old man sprang from his seat, and hurrying across the court-room to the entrance beyond, called in a weird, thick manner, the dead man's name, "William Adams, William Adams, William Adams, come into the court."

The criminal shivered in his seat, men's blood flowed coldly, and the silence was as death. Justice seemed crying to Heaven for retribution; the faces of the jurors grew white and blue, and each man glued his eyes upon the door as if he expected the apparition to answer the summons.

"Gentleman," continued Byrne, "that witness can never come. The one who can relate to you the circumstances of this tragedy lies in his cold and silent grave. No bailiff's voice can rouse him from his eternal sleep; naught save the clarion blast of the Archangel's trump can pierce the adamantine walls of his resting place. He has been deafened forever by him who stands arraigned at this bar. Base, brutal, bloody man, upon you hangs this awful responsibility. Your hands have dabbled in his blood, and as the instrument of outraged society, I demand your conviction."

Genius triumphed. Justice was vindicated, and the prisoner expiated his offence on the scaffold.

REMEDY FOR CORNS.—When a young man, says a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, I used to be very much annoyed by those painful excrescences called corns, on the toes and feet, until I was told of a very simple but effectual remedy for them by some person. It was to bathe the feet in tepid water, to soften them; then pare them off very closely with a sharp knife; then rub on well green peach tree leaves; when, after continuing the rubbing once or twice a day, the corns will entirely disappear and not return without the cause which first occasioned them. I have often tried the remedy, and never yet found it to fail. It seems to be the prussic acid in the peach tree leaves that takes them away.

A good corn salve could no doubt be made for winter use, by bruising the peach leaves when green, then boil them in water until the strength is extracted; then take out the leaves, strain the water off the sediment, and add a sufficient quantity of resin, tallow and beeswax, and simmer down, without burning, until the water is evaporated. Soften and pare the corn, as before directed, spread it on a small piece of cambric or linen and apply, putting on the sock or stocking carefully, so as not to rub it off. Keep applying until the corn disappears.

WHY is necessity like a great many lawyers? Because it knows no law.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

Nos. 150 and 152 Union Street,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus, Bedsteads, Washstands, Sideboards, Cupboards, Sofas, Wardrobes, Book Cases, Lounges, Cane Chairs, Wood Seat Chairs, Kitchen Furniture, Bed Lounges, Mattresses, Parlor Tables, Extension Tables, Dining Tables, Cupboards, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and turners' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture packed and shipped to Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of cartage. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

LOOK SHARP AT THIS!

136. THE ONLY CATHOLIC 136.

BOOK & PERIODICAL STORE

IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

M. C. MEAGHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in STANDARD CATHOLIC WORKS of all kind, PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, HISTORICAL and DEVOTIONAL Works, PICTURES, PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c., 139 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa. Will sell cheaper as little at Baltimore or Philadelphia prices. Liberal discount allowed to the Rev. Clergy, Libraries or Sunday-schools for large lots. Books bound and Pictures framed to the largest possible prices. All the Eastern Weekly Papers for sale.

136 Franklin Street, Johnstown, 136.

THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT!

PERSONS going to Europe, or those sending for their friends to the Old Country ought to buy their tickets from M. O. MEAGHER, Agent for the extensive and favorite National Line of Steamers to and from Europe. This line is remarkable for comfort, speed and safety. Tariffs for all Europe and Canada sold at the lowest current rates. For further particulars call at MEAGHER'S BOOK STORE, 139 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa. [June 22, 1872.-tf.]

P. P. TIERNEY ..... JAMES NULL.

LOOK HERE!

THE undersigned desires to inform the citizens of Ghost Springs and vicinity that he has this day bought from Jas. A. Littlefield his BLACKSMITH SHOP, Stock and Tools, and will carry on the business in all its branches. Special attention paid to Horse Shoeing. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

☞ Grain taken in exchange for work.

WM. H. JONES.

Ghost Springs, April 5, 1872.-3* [11-5m.]

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE

—OF—

TIERNEY & NULL,

Colemanade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.

☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [3-16-72.-tf.]

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.

High street, opposite Union School House, West Ward, Ebensburg.—J. M. DONNELLY & Co., Proprietors. Saddles and Harness made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.

—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MISS R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms, in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking done. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. [1-12.-1y.]

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is now prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, coal of the best qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive due attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made the residence of John Buck, Esq. [April 4, 1872.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

Ebensburg, Pa.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence on Crawford st., West Ward, where night calls should be made. [4-4.-tf.]

P. A. SHOEMAKER ..... WM. R. SECHLER.

SHOEMAKER & SECHLER

Attorneys-at-Law,

[9-18.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.

THE

NEW DISCOVERY

In Chemical and Medical Science.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Incipient Consumption.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Catarrh.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Asthma.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Heart Disease.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Skin Diseases.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Regulate the Liver.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Regulate the Stomach and Bowels
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure all Female Weaknesses.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Purify the Blood.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Diseases of the Throat.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Bronchitis.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure "Rose Cold," or "Hay Fever"
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Lung Diseases.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Constipation.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Salt Rheum.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Kidney Diseases.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Prevent Cholera & Yellow Fever
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Prevent Malarious Fevers.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Remove Pain in the Breast.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Remove Pain in the Side or Back.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Are a Superior Tonic.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the Appetite.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cause the Food to Digest.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Relieve the Weak and Debilitated
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Give Tone to Your System.

L. F. HYDE & CO.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS.

197 Seventh Ave., New York.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.

JOHN D. THOMAS,

Boot and Shoe Maker

THIS is to inform my customers and the public in general that he is prepared to manufacture to order BOOTS of any material and quality, from the best French calf skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as the work can be obtained anywhere.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes made at my establishment will be warranted as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

☞ Shop on Centre street, first door east of the Mansion House.

My work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!

SATTLE STREET,

Near Union School House, Ebensburg.

THE subscribe desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation a Carriage Shop for the manufacture and repair of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES,

Spring Wagons, Sleighs,

And all other description of Work in that line.

Employing none but skillful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, styles and prices.

Platform work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to on reasonable terms. A blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.

June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. GHUTE.

Murray & Dunn,

PROPRIETORS OF

PHŒNIX FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

HAVING purchased the establishment lately known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now prepared to manufacture

LIGHT CASTINGS

of every description.

The Various Styles of Stoves

manufactured at our establishment are in all respects equal to any in the market.

Steam Engines and all kind of Machinery

promptly and satisfactorily repaired.

☞ All our work is warranted to be exactly what it is represented. [Aug. 30.-1.]

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

AMERICAN BONELESS SARDINES.

They have received Diploma for their merit wherever exhibited. Pronounced by all, the cheapest luxury of the age, valuable, and attainable by all to the table, to travelers, or at picnics. Packed in one-half of our own importation, in tin boxes finished same as the imported; and are sold at less than half the cost of French sardines. Their delicious flavor and nutritious qualities recommend them to all classes. Sold by all first class grocers.

Wholesale by

THE AMERICAN SARDINE CO.,

April 4, 1872.-3m. 31 Broad St., N. Y.

STILL UP AND AT IT!

CABINET MAKING AND UNDERTAKING.

Thankful for past liberal favors, the subscriber desires to inform the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he still continues carrying on the business above named in all its branches, on High street, exactly opposite the Public School House. Substantially made Furniture of all kind sold at lowest figures. Coffins of any desirable size or finish furnished on short notice, and funerals attended to promptly and satisfactorily.

ROBERT EVANS.

Ebensburg, March 21, 1872.-6m.

GALLITZIN HOTEL,

GALLITZIN STATION, PA. R. R.

Having just purchased, refitted and refurnished this well known and commodious hotel, the subscriber is fully prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage, and especially invites the attention of his friends in Cambria and Blair counties to this fact. Neither expense or pains will be spared to make all feel at home who sojourn with me. Terms moderate.

M. FITZHARRIS, Proprietor.

Gallitzin, April 5, 1872.-tf.

REMARKABLE CURES.

By working on the imagination, many cures which have baffled the skill of the most scientific physicians, have been effected by some ignorant quack, some boasting charlatan. Even under peculiar circumstances the genuine medical man resorts to artifice. He administers some inert article—a bread pill, for instance—and trusts to the workings of imagination for a cure. Now, we have heard a very singular and interesting circumstances connected with this. A lady had been treated for some time by a doctor for a nervous disorder. She did not, in her own estimation, improve, and she wished the doctor to give her more medicine, but he advised her to the contrary, and would not prescribe for her. But still she insisted that something more must be done for her, and was about sending off for a quack, when the physician, learning her determination, adopted the following course: He told her he had just thought of a remedy which had never failed in curing a disease like hers. He gave her an oddly shaped vial, with directions that she was to smell it at certain hours. To bring her imagination into play, he told her that the first day she would have a headache; the second day an itchling about the breast; and on the third day would be perfectly well. On each day she complained of the effects which he described, said the remedy operated precisely as he had stated, and that she was getting much better. On the third day she declared herself perfectly well. This is certainly a very remarkable circumstance, but it is true nevertheless.

But there is a more extraordinary one on record of the imagination curing the most fatal disease. During the siege of Breda, in Holland, in 1635, when the garrison was on the point of surrendering to the enemy on account of the ravages of the scurvy, the Prince of Orange ordered a few vials of sham medicine to be carried into the fortress and distributed among the scorbutics. It was stated to be an infallible specific, most valuable, and that one or two drops could effect a cure. It was then shared among the soldiers in doses of a few drops. Those who had not moved their limbs for months were seen walking in the streets, sound, straight and whole. Many who declared they had been rendered worse by other medicines, recovered in a few days.—*To-Day.*

The Cave of Fountains.

The Staunton, Va., Vindicator gives the following description of a visit made to a wonderful cave in that vicinity. "He first dressing flash of the calcium light shows what is called the "Panel Hall," an immense room, the ceiling of which is laid off in panels about two yards square, each panel separated from the other by a perfect fringe, pending about six inches of glittering stalactites. Going on with the guide, the white light revealed scene after scene as beautiful. On one side of a hall are immense clusters of perfectly formed grapes glittering as the light falls upon them, and not far off is a helmeted stone warrior standing guard over the fruit.

Here is a garden of perfectly-formed beets and radishes: there a mountain pass over which an army is passing in mantles of snow. From higher still a stone sentinel stands on the perilous edge, gazing down on them; and hanging against the wall, and standing out in bold relief is a ghostly figure of an executed spy, in shroud and cap. Pretty columns are minutely sculptured against the walls. Immense towers with fluted supports, and one tower leaning at a fair-inspiring angle; a row of tobacco leaves strung on a stick with aggravirity that would satisfy a South Side Virginian; wells, down at the bottom of which is fresh-fallen snow glittering in the light; snow banks, one of which has a dog of St. Bernard's with head thrown back in act of baying for help; immense musical pipes, which, when struck, run the scale most perfectly; and lastly, "the Fountains," a range of wierd-looking baths, separated by stone walls, and into which there is a continual dropping of water, giving a deceptive imitation of a frog. We said lastly, but it was not all, for in returning the guide made us all stop for a surprise, and he gave it to us. The light flashed up and showed our party surrounded by glittering walls fifty feet high, ornamented by pillars of all conceivable architecture, and covered in with a roof that glistened with stars, and the recollection of which almost tempts a beholder to return after he has left the cave.

NOTHING in music, poetry or eloquence will thrill one with such exquisite joy as to have his back itch and an artist to scratch it. It is as true as singular that not one woman in a thousand can scratch a back as it ought to be scratched. To do it successfully requires a patience, a delicacy, a judgment that few indeed possess. Many a wife has struggled on to accomplish her mission, being a faithful worker, a clever councelor, a keen manager, and yet falling far short of success simply because she could not satisfactorily scratch her husband's back, while the man has deserted his home and drowned his manhood in the flowing bowl.

—Unloaded guns are just the ones that do all the damage. You never hear of a man pointing a loaded gun at another in sport. It is an empty gun that is pointed—a gun that was fired off, and had its charge drawn, and was laid away by the defendant's father some thirteen years before, and while there is no process known to science by which that gun could be induced to go off if pointed at a bear, yet if pointed at a harmless individual who has come over to spend the afternoon and take tea, it would discharge in a dash, and take off the top of his head, or tear out his insides, or otherwise disarrange him for business.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug 27.]

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, up-stairs, corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-11.-tf.]

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

Has been before the American public OVER THIRTY years. It has never yet failed to give perfect satisfaction, and has justly been styled the panacea for all external Wounds, Cuts, Burns, Scalings, Sprains, Bruises, &c., &c., for Man and Beast. No family should be a single day without this Liniment. The money refunded unless the Liniment is as represented. Be sure and get the genuine MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. Sold by all Druggists and Country Stores, at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per Bottle. Notice

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

GREAT INDUSTRIES

OF THE UNITED STATES.

TWO VOLS. AND 500 ENGRAVINGS PRINTED IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN. WRITTEN BY 70 EMINENT AUTHORS, INCLUDING JOHN B. GOUGH, BOYD WINCHESTER, EDWARD ROSS, EDWARD EGGLESTON, EDWARD HALE, PHILIP ASHTON, ARTHUR SUPPINE, ROBERT CARTER, T. B. PERKINS, ETC., ETC.

This work is a complete history of all branches of industry, processes of manufacture, etc., in all ages. It is a complete encyclopedia of arts and manufactures, and is the most interesting and valuable work of information and of general interest ever offered to the public. It is adapted to the wants of the Merchant, Artisan, Mechanic, Farmer, Student and Inventor, and suits to both old and young entirely. The work is selling where ever it is introduced. Agents who are making large sales in all parts of the country. It is offered at the low price of $3.50, and is the cheapest book ever sold by subscription. No family should be without a copy. We want agents in every town in the United States, and no agent can fail to sell this book. Circulars are issued, and our agents the exclusive right of territory, where our agents sold 300 in one week. Specimens of the work sent to agents on receipt of stamp. For circulars and terms to canvassers address the publishers.

J. B. BURR & HYDE,

Hartford, Conn., or Chicago, Ill.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves,

Heating Stoves,

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE.

Having recently taken possession of the new building and commodious quarters next door to the Post-Office, on Centre street, directly opposite the Mansion House, where I am better prepared than ever to furnish persons in want of anything in the TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE line, at the lowest possible rates. All work will be warranted to give satisfaction, and all orders promptly attended to.

I also continue also to manufacture to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

—SPECIAL ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO—

ROOFING and SPOUTING, and all persons in need of anything in my line will find it to their advantage to call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. All work done by me will be warranted.

☞ Shop in the rear of the store, on Centre street. [Sept. 13, 1871.-tf.]

JOHN FENLON.

Ebensburg, Oct. 19, 1871.-tf.

JEFFERSONBURG

BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

THE undersigned has just opened a new and complete stock of Books, Stationery, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Putty, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, Brushes, Combs, Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, Violins, Strings, Musical Instruments, Pocket Knives, Purses, Pocket Books, Cigars and Tobaccos, Notions, Yankee Notions, Fishing Tackle, Base Balls, Bats, Masks, Gloves, Confectionery, Fruits, Nuts, Toys, Dolls, Games, Cards, Pipes, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos.

Blunt, Bradley, Perico, Native and Havana Cigars, Cut, Twist, Smoking and Chewing Tobaccos, Snuffs, Pipes, Cigar Holders, Pocket Books, Wallets, Writing Fluid, Inks and Ink Powders, Pocket and Time Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Poetry, Prayer and Toy Books, Pencils, Pens, Pipes, &c.

☞ Also, a large and complete assortment of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the ladies. Prices low.

☞ Spectacles and Eye Glasses at lower prices than ever before offered in this market.

Paper and Envelopes always on hand.

☞ Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

July 28, 1872. Main Street, Jeffersonburg.

Andrew Moses,

DRAPER & TAILOR,

CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

CASEY, FOGARTY & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY,

AND ALL KINDS OF

DOMESTIC LIQUORS,

AND IMPORTERS OF

Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c.,

No. 315 Liberty Street,

Dec. 6, 1871.-3m. PITTSBURGH, PA.

EBENSBURG

WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our woolen factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice: CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

T. M. JONES & SONS.

Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.

Sept. 20, 71. GEO. C. K. ZAHM, Cashier.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections promptly received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

JOHN P. LINTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Johnstown, Pa. Office in building southwest corner of Main and Franklin streets, upstairs. Entrance on Franklin street.

NAGAH'S

Magnolia Balm

A FEW APPLICATIONS MAKE A

Pure Blooming Complexion.

It is Purely Vegetable, and its operation is soon seen and felt by others. It does away with the Blotched Appearance, Sallowness and Freckles, and Perfects Health and Recovers an Elastic Action. Dispels disagreeable sensations consequent upon Fatigue, Excitement and Unhealthy Skin. Drives away Tan, Freckles and Sunburn, and by its gentle but powerful influence restores the mind to cheerfulness.

YOUTHFUL BLOOM AND BEAUTY.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Stores. Depot, 69 Park Place, New York.

UTICA

STEAM ENGINE CO.

(Formerly Wood & Mann.)

STATIONARY & PORTABLE

Steam Engines.

The Best & Most Complete Assortment in the Market.

UTICA STEAM ENGINE CO.

UTICA, N. Y.

GIVEN AWAY.

A Fine German Chromo.

We send an Elegant Chromo, Mounted and Ready for Framing, Free to Every Agent.

Agents Wanted for

UNDERGROUND!

—OR—

LIFE BELOW THE SURFACE.

BY THOS. W. KNOX.

912 Pages Octavo. 240 Fine Engravings.

Relates Incidents and Accidents beyond the Ken of any Living Adventurer in all parts of the World, Giving Startling Facts; Undercurrents of Society; Gambling and its Horrors; Caverns and their Mysteries; The Dark Ways of Wickedness; Prisons and their Secrets Down to the Depths of the Lost Stranger; Wonders of the Development of Crime, The Inmates of the Prisons; Mysteries of Opium; Opium and Gambling Dens; Life in Prison; Stories of Exiles; Adventures among Indians; Journeys through sewers and catacombs; Accounts in mines; Perils and Prizes; Tortures of the Inquisition; Wonderful Invasions; Underworld of the great cities, etc., etc.

We want agents for this Work, on which we give extraordinary terms. Any man can make Big Wages in selling this book. Send for circulars and special terms to agents.

J. B. BURR & HYDE,

Hartford, Conn., or Chicago, Ill.

WANTED, Agents and Peddlers for our PRESS AND STRAINER—Presses and strains juice, jellies, herbs, vegetables, lard, tallow, meats, cheese, etc. Over 100 send into Pennsylvania. Sells quick. Every family wants it. Sells at sight. Machine and whole established agents are making from $50 to $100 per week. Circulars free. Littlefield & Jones, 107 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. [4-11.-3m.]

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

As about this time the "Oldest Inhabitant" flourishes pretty extensively, the *Courier Bulletin* remarks:

"The Oldest Inhabitant is a character that the late severe storm has brought to the edge of a well. Every Public Square which was not covered with snow on its head, was occupied or expected by some one who "remembered the Oldest Inhabitant" when he was a boy. Whenever there were two persons together on the common, and one of them left the other, he was sure to return from the top of the next hill with a clear away description of the Oldest Inhabitant. He don't have to say a word. The Oldest Inhabitant is known at sight. Why, it's done in a minute. Only tell him what it used to be, and he will tell you all about it. The reference to the Oldest Inhabitant brought a fresh tear to the widow's eye. He rubbed his nose with the back of his hand, and with a sigh of recollection of departed joys, pocketing it with the other hand, told her that when he (the Oldest Inhabitant) was a boy, them were cold days. Why, he remembered when Revere used to ride down to the Old Ledge to play leap-frog with the town boys. You'd never see any bodies then. Why, they didn't have no days, and when a feller got a tooth-ache, he had a hot brick out of the fire, or a mess of frozen mercury, or a thermometer, up to the smith, and have a tooth drawn. Why, this feller's teeth grew so long that we couldn't get over the fence for them, and when he chewed and talked, he had to stand sideways and so on."

The Oldest Inhabitant is a very old man, and he is evidently retentive of memory. He recollects how the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and how they were driven by starvation to eat the bark of the trees. He remembers when the Indians were in the habit of making a collection of scalps of white men, and how they used to dry them in the sun. He remembers when simple navigation, such as we have now, was unknown, and when Columbus was put in irons by the Congressmen who were jealous of his power, influence, etc. The Oldest Inhabitant remembers that the Rebellion was a failure, and that it was a sledge hammer that couldn't be expected to remain in configuration of Sanford.

It is a sad and lonely life that the Oldest Inhabitant leads. It appears to be his duty, on his part, to make himself a walking monument of the past, and to be a living illustration by Professor Agassiz of an incontrovertible fact. He is a man of toughness, could be extensive and consistent. Therefore we would avoid the venerable Oldest Inhabitant.

THE Boston *Post* says that in the Lehigh region, Pennsylvania, the tobacco worm has appeared in such numbers as to threaten the entire crop. In the latter State, it is said, the worm is so destructive that it has become necessary to employ men to go over the fields and pick them off by hand. In some parts of Connecticut, where the tobacco crop is a specialty, the worm is also reported as very destructive.

AN INTOXICATED man was recently arrested in Detroit for driving a span of mules while in a state of intoxication. He was fined $5 and costs, and when asked if he was aware that he was violating the law, replied that he was not aware of it, as he was under the impression that he was driving a span of horses.